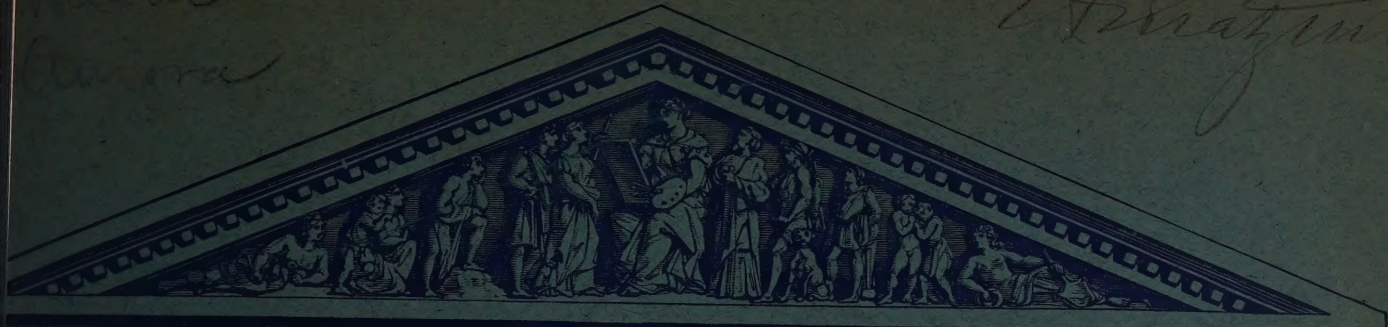


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C.A. STOREY, A.R.A. PINXT

T. SHERRATT, SCULPT

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.



THE HOMES OF AMERICA.

SOME NEW ENGLAND HOUSES.

III.



Residence of Mr. H. Cabot Lodge, Nahant, Massachusetts.

BOSTON is peculiarly blest in the beauty, variety, and accessibility of its seaside surroundings. Within easy reach of even its poorest people are spots where every phase of marine landscape may be enjoyed, and every marine pleasure may be indulged in. Silvery, shelving beaches, coves of gracefulest curve, bold promontories jutting far out among the waves, rude masses of jagged rock with yawning fissures and gurgling gulfs, pretty verdant islands, little capes grown with tree and brush to the water's edge, lofty natural terraces with perpendicular sides reaching down to the water, may, according to one's taste, be attained by a trip either northward or southward from the city, in railway-car or steamboat or yacht. It would be hard for a stranger, visiting for the first time this Massachusetts coast, to decide which was the most imposing—the "north" or the "south" shore. Of the two, the north shore is the most generally rocky and rugged; the south shore more frequently broken by long stretches of beach; but both characteristics are to be found in abundance on either side.

quently broken by long stretches of beach; but both characteristics are to be found in abundance on either side.

The most striking feature of the north shore, perhaps, is the bold, rocky, and irregular promontory of Nahant. It is reached either by rail as far as the busy shoemaking town of Lynn, or by a steamboat which plies thither twice a day, making the trip from Boston in about an hour. Between Nahant and the city lies the wide-curving strand of Chelsea, or Revere Beach, which, with Nahant itself, forms a beautiful bay. Chelsea Beach is especially the resort of the common people. It is the most democratic and



Residence of Mrs. Dexter, Beverly Farms, Massachusetts.

"free-and-easy" of watering-places. All along its shore are small wooden hotels, modest restaurants, and lines of bathing-houses, with here and there a more pretentious place of entertainment; and on a pleasant summer's afternoon the beach may be seen crowded with saunterers of every age and condition, while the waters are dotted with bathers. The contrast between this smiling, sunny beach, with its crowds of pleasure-seekers arriving and departing with every train, and Nahant is twofold. Its characteristic of natural beauty is gentle and smiling; that of Nahant is of the rough grandeur of jagged precipice and yawning crevice, of heavy and frowning masses of vari-coloured rocks, which seem to have been hurled up in fantastic piles by some convulsion of the earth. Chelsea Beach is emphatically a popular resort; Nahant, the seaside residence of an urban aristocracy.

It is doubtful what is the exact meaning of the word *Nahant*, which is easily recognised as Indian. According to some authorities, it denotes "the lover's walk;" and the more romantic and younger sojourners there are naturally inclined to prefer this interpretation. The more reasonable meaning is, however, "the twins;" for there are really two promontories, "Great" and "Little Nahant," connected alike with each other by a short beach, and with the mainland by a long beach. The larger of these promontories is two miles long, and at its greatest width is only half a mile across; while in some places—especially on the side where it connects with the mainland—it is only a narrow strip, but a few paces wide. On the north side is the long and beautiful stretch of beach, two miles in extent, which reaches from the pro-

montory to the edge of the city of Lynn; on the south, an inlet bounded by a weedy shore. Great Nahant in area contains about six hundred acres. "It is surrounded," says a local historian, "by steep, craggy cliffs, rising from twenty to sixty feet above the tide, with a considerable depth of tide below. The rocks present a great variety of colour—white, green, blue, red, purple, and grey—and in some places are very black and shining, having the aspect of iron. The cliffs are pierced by many deep fissures, caverns, and grottos; and between these are numerous coves, and little beaches of fine, shining, silvery sand, crowned by ridges of variously-coloured pebbles, interspersed with sea-shells. Above the cliffs, the promontory swells into mounds from sixty to ninety feet high."

It is on such a spot, and amid such surroundings, that many of the wealthiest citizens of Boston have erected, during the past quarter of a century, what is now a thick and imposing cluster of seaside residences. Formerly, there were but few private summer mansions on the promontory. It was a favourite resort for steamboat excursions and summer-day picnics; but, except in the little village which nestled and still nestles in one of its hollows, and the big hotel, seen for miles away, which perched on a height at its farthest point, it can scarcely be said to have been inhabited. The picnic-parties, in default of better accommodations, used to cook their chowders and fry their potatoes on the rocks. What are now close-cropped lawns of dazzling greenness and

mossy softness were then dreary wastes, with scarcely a shred of vegetation to hide the baldness of the underlying rocks.

A small hotel was built as long ago as 1819 on the extreme point of the promontory; and additions were made to this, until, some twenty years ago, it had become one of the largest, most spacious, and most noted houses of entertainment in New England. On a September night in 1861 the hotel caught fire, and the splendid spectacle of the immense edifice, in so conspicuous a position, in flames, apprised Boston and its neighbourhood that the long-enjoyed hospitality of the Nahant Hotel would no longer be at their command.

The spot on which the hotel stood was called "East Point," and formed, in early days, the northern limit of the bay, Point Allerton being regarded as the southern bound. In the old records of Massachusetts Colony, "East Point" was known as the "Ram Pasture." The year after the burning of the hotel, this estate was purchased by Mr. John E. Lodge, a wealthy and eminent citizen of Boston, for many years a summer resident at Nahant. He at once began to clear and improve "Ram Pasture," which was choked up with rubbish, and disfigured by many rickety old buildings. Mr. Lodge's death soon after, however, caused his plans to be suspended, and it was not until 1867 that his son, Mr. H. Cabot Lodge, proceeded to erect the mansion which is represented in the illustration. Since the erection of the house, the place has been laid out and improved; trees have been planted, and the old disfigurements have been effaced. The situation of the house is certainly unsurpassed for the beauty and extent of its sea-view, on the

New England coast. The cliffs near by rise from the ocean almost perpendicularly, and with many a sudden and jagged jut, some forty or fifty feet, displaying every variety not only of form but of colour; sometimes wearing hues of the richest red and purple. Just below the mansion is "Pulpit Rock"—a vast block, about thirty feet in height and nearly twenty square, standing out boldly in the tide. On the top is an opening, forming a seat; but, from the steepness of the rock on all sides, it is difficult of access. The upper portion of the rock bears a striking resemblance to a pile of great books. It is not difficult to fancy the pile as the pulpit of a Titanic preacher, with the tomes spread out, ready for his advent and exhortation. Almost within sight of the window, too, is the "natural bridge," which, archwise, crosses a dark, deep gorge,

loitering, than the stretch of coast between Beverly and Manchester, which has come to be familiarly known as Beverly Farms.

Beverly Farms is reached from Boston by a railway-journey of a little more than an hour. On leaving the cars at "Pride's Crossing," no glimpse of the sea is had, but one seems to be in a wilderness of pine and spruce. A short jaunt on a beautifully shaded road, however, brings you to the shore, which is hidden from the sight by the thick foliage until you come actually upon it. Here you find the borders of the sea broken into a great number of hills and vales, the former being mainly rocky, yet almost invariably covered with an ample quantity and variety of flourishing evergreens. On the tops of the hills, and peeping from the thick clusters of trees, you observe here and there the summer mansions which, for the most part, have been erected within the past decade. The prevailing style is hard to describe; yet it is very pronounced and marked in its peculiarities. It seems to be a combination of the Swiss cottage with the English, with many additions in the nature of towers, jutting verandahs, covered piazzas, dormer and bow windows. The almost uniform colour of these mansions, which, with few exceptions, are of wood, is a dull yellow for the body of the house, and a subdued red for the roofs. They are usually

and beneath which the waters boil and bubble against the rocks; and within a little distance is "Cauldron Cliff," a gorge overhung by the rocks on either side, in which the water roars and rages, especially during a storm, with an almost overpowering fury.

The views from the Lodge mansion are fine beyond description. From its south side the sight embraces the city in the hazy distance, rising in a sort of cone to the gilded dome of the State-House at the summit; and the beautiful harbour, with its many islands, its forts, its craft of every size, its lighthouses, and its broad, sweeping coasts.

The coast just beyond Nahant is occupied by several long and beautiful beaches, the largest of which are the beaches of Lynn and Swampscott. The shore stretches in this vicinity in a north-westerly direction; beyond Swampscott one suddenly comes upon that eccentric and barren peninsula called Marblehead Neck, which is so celebrated in early Massachusetts history, and is so vividly described by the pen of Hawthorne. From the higher parts of Marblehead (which preserves many of its colonial buildings, and even streets) one looks off upon the fair harbour of Salem, where once rode in their pride the great Indiamen which made many a fortune and established many a patrician family in the last century. Beyond Salem the shore runs in a nearly westerly direction; and this part of the coast, singularly picturesque and beautiful as it is, with its notable peculiarity of a rich evergreen vegetation growing profusely in many places, despite the storm-blasts and bleak winters of ages, quite down to the water's edge, has only within a few years been appreciated and sought by wealthy Bostonians as a seaside residence. Yet it would be hard to find anywhere a spot combining a greater number of attractions, for summer pleasure and



Residence of Mr. George Gardner, Beverly Farms, Massachusetts.

perched on ledges, or at the summit of more gentle ascents, and are provided with ample surrounding grounds, having long, winding avenues leading to the doors from the road. This is, indeed, a feature of Beverly Farms quite in contrast with Nahant. The latter is, as we have said, a thickly-settled though elegant and aristocratic seaside colony. At Nahant, every man can almost look into his neighbour's rooms from his own house. It is the characteristic of the summer settlement at Beverly Farms that each proprietor takes care to have plenty of elbow-room. His residence most often stands in the centre of a broad domain, and is shut in on almost every side by the primeval evergreen forest. If he has an opening towards the sea, he is content and more than content with his seclusion otherwise.

Among the oldest and most picturesque of the seaside mansions of Beverly Farms is that built a quarter of a century ago by Mr. Franklin Dexter (son of Samuel Dexter, who was Secretary of the Treasury early in the present century), and now occupied by his



Residence of Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, Concord, Massachusetts.

venerable widow. It is one of the few stone residences to be seen on the coast. Of the ancient Tudor style of architecture, three of its sides are fronted by conical façades, broken in the castellated manner, as seen in the illustration. The stones of which the house is built were gathered indifferently in the immediate neighbourhood; and, in collecting them for this purpose, Mr. Dexter endeavoured to retain the moss which clung to them. In this he was not very successful; but the effect produced by these once moss-grown stones, combined in a structure of the old English style, gives it an appearance of being much more ancient than it really is. Perched, as the house is, on a fine eminence just above the sea, with a pretty little beach far below, and the noble panorama of waters, promontories, harbours, towns, and islands, spread out before it, it really seems like a hoary castle, built by some Swiss or Rhenish baron who had strayed hither to hold his state in solitary grandeur. In front is a neat terrace, with a soft lawn, and bounded beyond by a balustrade; while the house is closely surrounded on every side, except that which looks towards the ocean, by a thick growth of evergreens. The interior, broken up into many compartments, is at once quaint and cosy, with an old-time air in striking contrast with most of the brand-new houses, of the latest fashion, in the vicinity.

About a mile from this picturesque Dexter house is the residence built by Mr. George Gardner, a wealthy Boston merchant, within the past two or three years. Mr. Gardner succeeded in purchasing a number of acres of a large farm property—which, though much coveted by those who wished a pleasant nook on the shore, had long been held from the market by the proprietor—and at once improved it into what is now certainly one of the most striking and tasteful estates of Beverly Farms. The domain is entered at a short distance from the "Pride's Crossing" station; and in its first approach there is no appearance of its being in the near neighbourhood of the sea. The carriage enters a beautifully wide, smooth, and well-constructed avenue, which passes by graceful reaches and slight curves amid a forest of stately evergreens,

among which white pine and spruce, interspersed with beeches, predominate. It is a merit of this avenue that its turnings and windings are not artificial, so as to give a serpentine character, but are only made where the ground naturally indicates that a straight line should be departed from. On the left, as one drives along the avenue, is seen through the trees a delightful turfy glen, part of which is broken by a noisy trout-stream. This glen was once a swamp, which the present owner, with some pains, converted into the pleasant retreat it now appears. A drive of half a mile through the evergreen wood brings one to a semicircular opening in which, opposite the avenue, stands the house. This little amphitheatre is disposed in a rich lawn, broken by a flower-bed here and there, and fringed on either side by the primeval forest; while beyond the house a first glimpse is had of the restless waters of old Ocean. A handsome *porte-cochère* precedes the entrance to the house, which is painted the prevalent dull yellow, with a red roof. It was built square, that the interior might be most conveniently disposed for comfort; and then towers, dormer-windows, and verandahs, were added to relieve the monotony of the bare sides, and lend picturesqueness to the edifice. On the side towards the sea is a noble,

wide, covered piazza, jutting out in the centre so as to make it as spacious as a good-sized apartment; and the trimming has been so designed as to give a wooden imitation of an awning. Mr. Gardner's estate is very complete in all its arrangements for summer luxury and comfort. The stables are hid away from sight in an evergreen copse; and not far off is a large and well-appointed hen-nery, where rare breeds and many varieties of fowl may be seen. Just below the house is a snug little beach, just large enough to serve as a secluded and pleasant private bathing-place; while the rocks round about assume many rugged and imposingly irregular shapes and various hues.

Let us pass from one of the most attractive of New England seaside spots to the less striking and more tranquil scenes of a notably historical New England village. An hour's ride by rail from Boston brings one to Concord, which enjoys a triple fame; that of having been one of the spots where the first collision took place between the British and the Revolutionary patriots, the home of a remarkable group of philosophers and men of letters, and one of the prettiest and most attractive towns in New England. Its repose, its shaded streets, its neat old-time houses, here and there varied by newer and more showy buildings, its placid, winding little river, fringed by meadow, turf, and shrubbery, its sunny fields, its trim but unambitious gardens, have a charm of their own, apart from the distinction it has received from the doughty struggle of '75, and the fact that it has been the home of geniuses like Hawthorne, Emerson, and Thoreau. No spot or neighbourhood, indeed, could be found more congenial to the reverie of the philosopher, or the tranquil travail of the imaginative writer. No wonder that in the quaint and hoary "Old Manse," standing in venerable solitude beyond its avenue of lofty black-ash trees, Hawthorne's shy spirit took delight, and revelled in all the rich fancies which retirement alone could coax. No wonder, too, that in this quiet village, and by this sluggish river, Emerson could contemplate Nature and men at greater ease, and with more precious results to the thousands who greeted eagerly his printed words.

Unlike Hawthorne at the Old Manse, however, or Thoreau in his little hermitage on Walden Pond, Emerson has long lived almost in the centre of the village. His large, plain, square white house—differing in nothing from those spacious old-fashioned mansions which are scattered everywhere through those parts of New England which have been long settled—stands not far from the public square, at the junction of two high-roads, one of which leads to Lexington, the other to Boston. It is surrounded by a thick grove of pines and firs, which partially conceal the house from the passer-by on the road, while in the rear the land slopes gently to a little brook, which gurgles on to the Concord River, but a short distance away. Here is an ample pear and apple orchard, which the philosopher, though not pretentious as a farmer, has cultivated with paternal care. At the side of the house is a lawn, upon which stands a cosy

rustic summer-house; while in front a row of thick-leaved horse-chestnuts, now nearly half a century old, lend still further umbrageous adornment to the place.

Not far from Emerson's house is that which has been occupied for about twenty years by another, though less noted, literary personage of our times. It has been wittily said of A. Bronson Alcott that "his best contribution to literature is his daughter Louisa;" and latterly, true enough, the daughter's fame has far outstripped the father's. Yet, though "Little Women" and "The Old-Fashioned Girl" have carried her fame through the land, while that of Mr. Alcott is more local and limited, he has written many essays and disquisitions that have created a stir in intellectual circles, and are quite worthy of remembrance. With Emerson, he is one of the patriarchs of transcendentalism; and, although he declined to enter



Residence of Mr. A. Bronson Alcott, Concord, Massachusetts.

the community of Brook Farm, he formed a somewhat similar gathering years ago at Wyman Farm, in Harvard. As Mr. Alcott is one of the intellectual lights and peculiarities of Concord, so is his house one of the most quaint and striking in that interesting town. Converted, as was Emerson's, from a rather ugly farmhouse into a tasteful and comfortable home, it is cosily nestled among beautiful elms, while orchards bloom and pastures stretch away on either hand. Until recently the snug domain was shut off from the highway which passes by it, by a unique rustic fence of Mr. Alcott's own construction; a kind of work of which the venerable Grahamite and transcendentalist makes a pastime, and executes with a deftness and taste noted in the neighbourhood. The house itself is low-studded, but spacious, with an abundance of room, and provided with many odd nooks and corners, the orna-

ments in which betray the refinement and literary bent of the talented inhabitants. The library is rich in lore, the collection of books being large and well selected. There are many evidences of the presence of an artist; and the rising fame of the younger daughter, Miss Mary Alcott, in this profession, reveals the hand which has added many of the graces and beauties of art to the homestead. Before the house the prospect is open and pleasant; behind it rise gentle wooded hills, which afford many a charming ramble to the inmates. Thus two of the most interesting and philosophical of American thinkers live close together, and spend many an hour of the evening of their lives—for they are not far from the same age—in sympathetic and intellectual companionship, which yet they do not begrudge to others whose tastes lead them to seek the privilege of hearing and talking with them.

AMERICAN PAINTERS.—THOMAS HICKS, N.A.



WHEN THOMAS HICKS, who was born at Newtown, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, October 18, 1823, was a boy, he had developed a talent for drawing, especially for caricaturing, and his playmates were wont to go to him when in quest of such service. The antimasonic campaign was vigorous in Bucks County in those days, and Thomas made a sketch admirably adapted to elicit the execrations of every staunch mason in the neighbourhood. The village post-master having seen and admired that sketch, presented the author

of it with Cunningham's "Lives of the English Painters," one of the lives in which—that of Barry—fired the enthusiasm of the recipient. "I will be a painter," he vowed to himself, keeping the vow at once by producing a portrait of his cousin, and keeping the portrait two months for fear that it might cause him ridicule. He showed it then to the brother of the subject. It was recognised at once as a portrait, and the young artist took great courage.

Dr. Kennedy, of Philadelphia, who was on a visit to Newtown, became interested in Hicks, and advised him to go to the Academy of the Fine Arts in the Quaker City. The portrait-painter went



"No Place like Home."—From a Painting by Thomas Hicks, N.A.

there—it was in the summer of 1839. In the winter, for some inscrutable reason, the doors of the institution were closed, and Hicks repaired to the National Academy of Design, then in Beekman Street, corner of Nassau Street. There he drew so successfully from the antique, that before the season ended he was admitted to the life-school as a reward of merit. A number of his pictures were soon bought by the Art Union, which were chiefly *genre* subjects.

In 1845 Mr. Hicks went to London, and, after some experimenting in the National Gallery, made a copy of Sir Joshua Reynolds's 'Infant Samuel,' ordered by Mr. Hippolyte Mali. In the sailing-packet which took him across the Atlantic were Mr. Goodwin, and Mr. Dalton of Boston, young Mr. Oxnard, and Colonel Polk, a brother of the President, just appointed *chargé* at Naples. Not long afterwards, he met Oxnard in Paris. "Goodwin wants to see you," said the latter; "he is in the long gallery of the Louvre." Hicks, whose finances were not in a plethoric condition

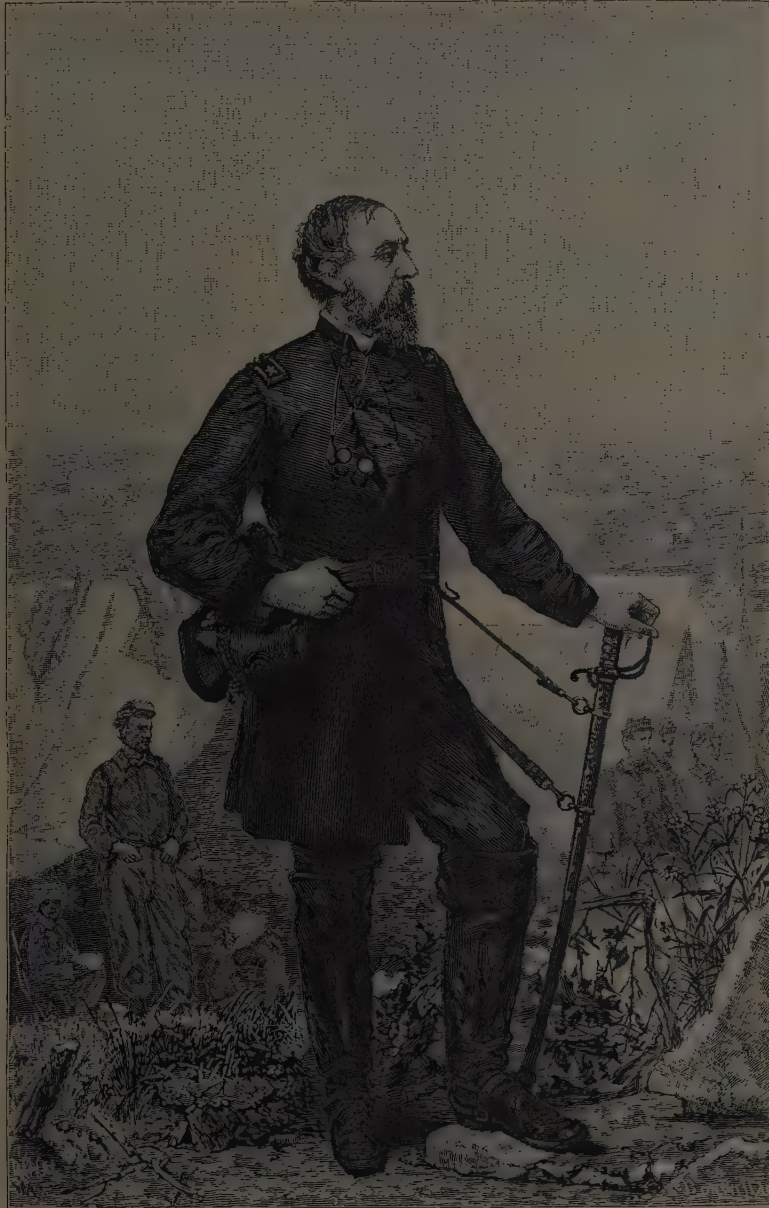
—he had left home with a small letter of credit, and with the intention of staying away only a year—hastened to find his late fellow-passenger. "Walk down the gallery with me," said Goodwin, "and show me what you admire." The artist had been working his brains and wrist several weeks in that generously-stocked museum; had, indeed, worked himself half sick, and knew what was choice. "Pick out some smaller samples," said the patron, when the larger ones had been indicated to him, "and we will walk back again." Correggio's 'Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine' was one of the works that pleased them both, and Hicks received from Goodwin an order for a copy. Mr. Hicks spent three years in Italy. In 1847, Kensett, George William Curtis, W. W. Story, and Margaret Fuller, came to Rome, and a merry party they made, holding receptions every night. In the summer of that year Hicks, Kensett, Curtis, and his brother Burril Curtis, went to Venice and remained a month. During June of the next year, Hicks returned to Paris at the beginning of the revolution

there, entered the studio of Couture—then quite the fashionable resort for our young artists abroad—found that the demerits rather than the merits of that painter usually descended upon his pupils, became satisfied that his own case was not likely to be an exception, and, after an eighteen months' sojourn, came home.

It was in the autumn of 1849 that he found himself in his studio on Broadway, near Prince Street, and also in the Century Club, where he has held many positions of honour. At a meeting of the club held January 26, 1858, he read a eulogy on the character and

works of Thomas Crawford, the sculptor, which was published by order of the club and extensively circulated.

Mr. Hicks's portrait of George T. Trimble, now in the Board of Education building; of Pelatiah Peritt, now in the Seamen's Savings-Bank; of Secretary Hamilton Fish; of Jonathan Sturgis, now in the Union League Club gallery; of Mr. Van Dyke, a Detroit lawyer; of Frank Palmer, of Margaret Fuller, of R. M. Olyphant, and of Secretary Evarts, and of Edwin Booth as *Iago*, are among his best productions. His portrait of Dr. E. K. Kane



Portrait of General Meade.—From a Painting by Thomas Hicks, N.A.

is in the Kane Masonic Lodge rooms; his portraits of Dr. Delafield and General Meade received a medal at the Centennial Exhibition.

Mr. Hicks strives to reproduce the character of a sitter in its highest and truest condition, to become in sympathy with the best phase of the sitter, and to transcribe it. He has an especially profound respect for three pictures, namely, Raphael's 'Portrait of Julius II.,' Raphael's 'Portrait of Cæsar Borgia,' and Titian's 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' in the Pitti Palace; and in them he finds the embodiment and the vindication of the true principles

and methods of portraiture. The railroad disaster at Norwalk, Connecticut, in May, 1853, very nearly proved fatal to the artist. He and his friend were two out of four persons saved from a car containing forty passengers. In the studio at No. 6 Astor Place Mr. Hicks has been painting for more than twenty years. 'No Place like Home' which we engrave, tells a delightful story. The portrait of General Meade, also engraved, is an unusually strong delineation—probably the best piece of characterisation that the artist has yet set his name against.

NORWAY.*

By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER XVII.

*Grave-board, Mølmen Churchyard.*

THE Gudbrandsdalen Valley is characterized by an immense vaud or lake, which is the source of the two rivers Rauma and Logen, the former running south-east and the latter north-west into the Christiania fjord. Coming up from the Rauma Valley, it was twilight as we reached the plateau of this upper valley, lying about four thousand feet above the sea—a vast mass of far-stretched moorland, with heather, matted cotoneaster, and every variety of berry, in all the prismatic colour of the west coast of Scotland, but more vast, mysterious, and weird; and like witches looming moodily away from anything with life, we came ever and anon on some bleached relic of the grandeur of those noble Scotch firs, which now seem fast fading away, and remain as mere ske-

letons and dried bones; in many cases the fibre seems quite twisted like the strands of a rope, as if the dissolution had been one of agony and torture. And now we approach Mølmen, soon after passing a monolith, supposed to have been erected

to the memory of Sinclair and his Scots. The mention of Mølmen, and the name as it appears on the map, would suggest the idea of a town; it consists, however, of a church school, open on alternate Sundays, and a station, or farm, for the convenience of travellers. Within the last few years this station has improved greatly. We arrived late in the evening, and felt very chilly, and huddled up to the fireplace. As we inquired from the Pige what aften-mad we were likely to obtain, from the depths of the dimness of darkness muffled peals came from under a heap of "somethings" in a long parallelogramic case, really a bed, containing the mistress of the house, and the "muffled peals" were to summon a supper for us, and quickly. So delighted were we to get it, that we said "tak fr mad" before we began instead of waiting till we had finished.

The church is of wood, larger than most Norwegian churches, and has a spire with four turrets, each with elaborate weathercocks. Mølmen must at one time have had weathercock on the brain, for even on the lich-gate there is one, another at the end of the roof, one on the top of the spire and on each of the turrets. This crop of ironwork is accounted for by the fact of there having been ironworks at Lesje, some seven miles farther on to the eastward. Passing through the lich-gate, which is ponderous, the grave-boards attract attention from their variety; one, in particular, had the novel feature of a weathercock on the top, and at the back might be seen quite a contrast in sentiment, a small simple iron cross firmly mortised into the solid rock.

Entering the church, the general appearance is most striking; very quaint old carving, rudely painted—most comically rudely painted, especially on the rood screen, which is above—running from the pulpit to the two pillars in the centre, through which the altar is seen. The church floor is strewn with juniper tips;

*A Norwegian Salmon Stage.*

the altar covered with a white linen cloth, whereon were two large candlesticks, which are lighted in the great festivals. The panels of the altar are painted in rather good colour. The back

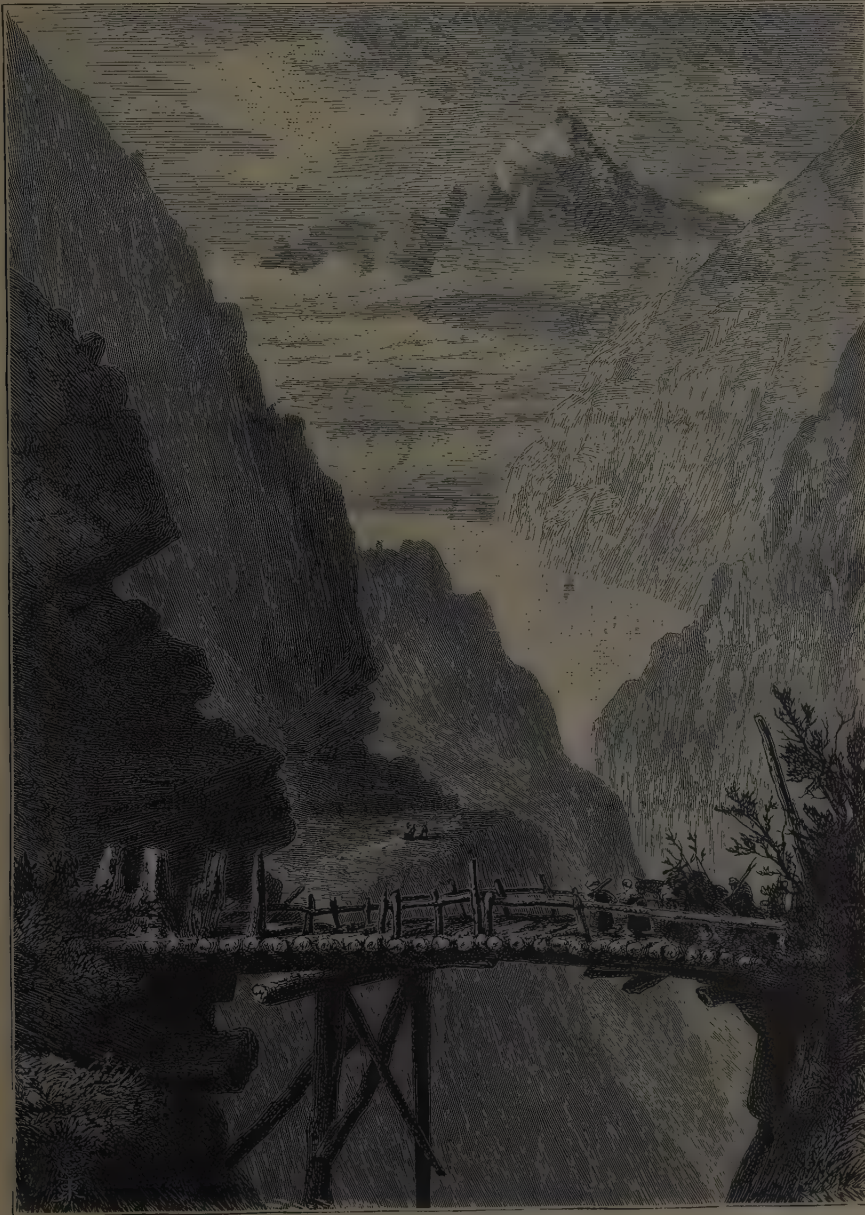
of the altar is all painted a slate colour; and, on the right side of the altar, standing back, is the carved stall for the use of the bishop when he visits the district. On the rood screen, over the centre, are the arms of King Christian V., with supporters, and above these a large but very uncouth figure of the Saviour

* Continued from page 140.

on the cross, with I. H. S. above; on each side a figure, rudely carved and painted: the pulpit is also carved and painted. There were traces of the delightful annual custom of these good people, who, when the summer bursts suddenly and joyfully upon them, and the flowers come rapidly out, cull the earliest and take them to the church as first-fruits of thankful joy. After viewing the front of the altar, we went round to the back of it to the Sanctum. This was a treat. There we found old silver chalices and curious cases for the Sacred Wafers; for these good

people, consider the form of worship immaterial, if the spirit be sound. The size of the wafer is about one inch and a quarter in diameter.

A very fine old vestment is still worn for the Communion; it is richly brocaded, with a large purple cross on the back, and in the centre of this is a large brass crucifix. The verger said it was a pity to have a new one until this was worn out. It certainly wears well, for it has been in constant use ever since the Reformation. The great feature has yet to be noticed. A curious



Wooden Bridge at Roldal.

instrument is used as a persuader during the service; it is a long pole, painted red, about eight feet long, with a knob at each end. On inquiring the use of this instrument and for what ceremonial, the verger, with surprise at our ignorance, said, "To wake the sleepers." How? "Here, sirs," continued he, placing his hand on his waistcoat, as indicative of the best place to tilt at effectually. The reader will be glad to know that the knobs did not betray much sign of wear.

We must now return to the station, which is associated with grayling in the river, and wood-carving executed during the

winter months in the farmhouses—spoons, bellows, tankards, mangel brats, and culinary implements. It was our good fortune to meet, at Mølmen, a delightful Austrian—his grey and green jacket informed us of that fact—but his general information was an oasis for travellers. A great botanist, it was delightful to go out with him, especially as he was, at the moment, perfectly mad about saxifrages and the flora of Norway. Then, again, "flies." He had been up to the North Cape, to the Namsen and other large rivers, and some one had given him a few Namsen "Butcher's" salmon flies of immense size: these

he showed to us; and we, finding him so interested, asked him if he would like to see our collection of *natural* flies. "Certainly." The flies we exhibited were the mosquitoes we had shut up between the leaves of note-books, when the flies had been thickest in our tents on a warm evening. "Ah," exclaimed our Austrian, "ten thousand of those fellows did I swallow at the North Cape, and they bite all the way going down." Happily he had survived. We also met here a distinguished "Prussien"—large forefinger ring; "très Prussien;" his favourite exercise

at the festive board astonished us. Mountain strawberries at Mølmen are a treat; at dinner we had some. Our aristocratic foreigner plunged them into a tumbler of sparkling wine, but, alas! how did he extract them? The Count must have been in a lancer regiment, for with a tent-peg action he tried to pig-stick each strawberry and raise it to his mouth with his toothpick, and persevered until the tumbler was emptied, and the last strawberry pierced and entombed.

In passing along the shores of the fjords a kind of stage may



Interior of Mølmen Church.

be seen occasionally, which would give the casual observer an idea of preparations for pile-driving; the object of this construction is for quite a different purpose; it is one of the dreadful means used by the Norwegian farmers to obtain salmon. The system is this:—Netting—A man sits in the perch-box; the net is laid round to the buoys as indicated in the illustration, and, as soon as the fisherman (if he may be designated by that name) sees a salmon underneath and within his net limit, he hauls in, and generally gets him. The salmon being in the habit of returning to the same river, or foss, are sometimes the

victims of an inquiring mind in the following manner:—The Norwegian whitens the face of the rock, or places a light plank so that the fish's attention may be attracted, and, whilst making up his mind as to whether it is right or wrong, his fate is sealed, and he will soon be hung up in the bonder's house, with two sticks across his body. After it has been rubbed with sugar and smoked in juniper fumes it is certainly a goodly adjunct to a breakfast; but when the weary traveller finds only smoked salmon, he cannot help thinking of the days when he was young, and had fresh meat regularly.

When coming down from the Haukelid Pass out of Sæterdal to the Hardanger, we had not time nor space to refer to a very beautiful passage between the two, which we will now notice. We came from Haukelid a little gloomy: we had seen a corrie which had been the scene of a reindeer slaughter, or Glencoe, the result of misplaced generosity on the part of an Englishman to a Norwegian. The former had given the latter a double-barrelled breech-loading rifle, with a good battue supply of cartridges. The consequence was simply this: the local Nimrod, assisted by a confederate, drove a herd of reindeer into a *cul-de-sac* corrie, and then shot down more than twenty. It was worse than the friend who gave his river watcher a salmon

rod and flies; the "elve waken," or keeper, fished hard with fly and worm, and wrote to his lord and master in England to tell him with much glee that he had caught "plenty salmons, or stor lax," and the river would soon be ready for him, but he would like two new tops brought out for the rod so kindly given to him.

Journeying from Haukelid we came down to Roldal, where the pass combines to produce a scene of great grandeur. The old wooden bridge, the blustering torrent falling with ponderous leap down into a chasm below, the serenity and peace of the distant snow range, and the lake in perfect peace far, far below, formed a combination which causes regret that it can never be



Seljestad.

adequately rendered on paper. The scenery is immensely grand. A tremendous zigzag is being cut by the Government in connection with a road which is ultimately intended to be opened over the

pass. From the top of this zigzag a very commanding view is obtained of the valley of Seljestad, and the vast expanse of the Folge Fond, an immense extent of snow.

THE ROGER WILLIAMS MONUMENT.



HE city of Providence decided before the War of the Revolution to erect a monument to Roger Williams, the memorable founder of the colony of Rhode Island and of the city which now does him honour, but the work was not carried out before the 16th of October, 1877, when the statue (an engraving of which appears on the next page)

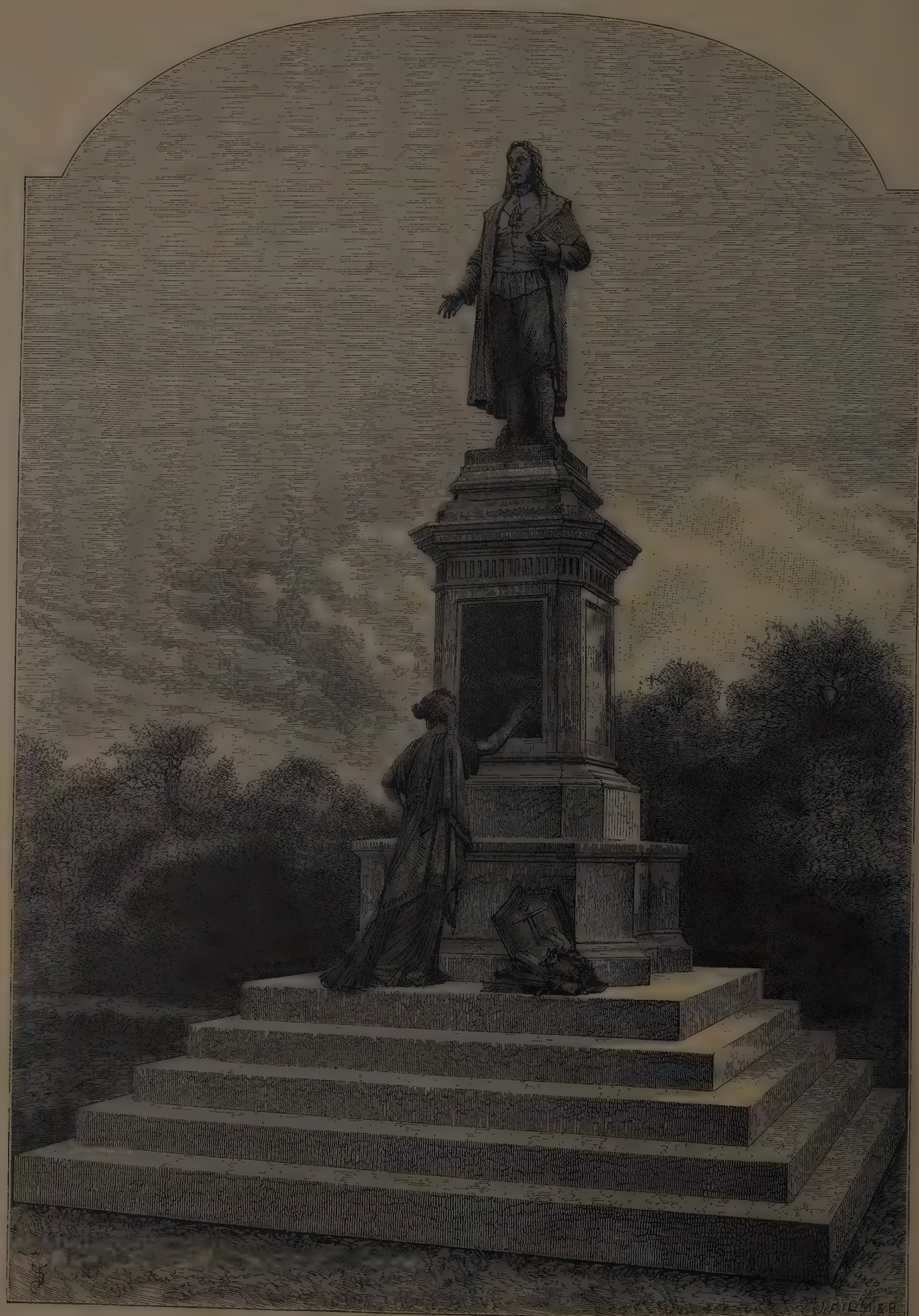
was unveiled in the presence of twenty thousand people. J. L. Diman, a distinguished essayist and historian of Rhode Island, pronounced an address upon the character and labours of Roger Williams, and Sarah H. Whitman contributed a poem. The monument itself is the work of Franklin Simmons.

The bronze statue, seven and a-half feet in height, stands upon a granite pedestal, on the tablet of which the Muse of History proudly writes his name. The latter figure, also of bronze, is six and a half feet in height. To the right of it are laid the Rhode Island coat-of-arms, the colonial charter which Roger Williams procured, his principal publications, and a laurel-wreath. The monument faces to the west. It stands upon the same historic ground which the shy Narragansetts gave to him in recognition of his manifold good offices to them, and which never passed out of

the Williams family, except when the last lineal descendant gave it to the city for a public park. The old Williams house stands to the right of the monument; at its left is the Williams burying-ground, which contains the ashes of numerous descendants.

The statue represents Williams at his ripest manhood as he first lands upon Watcher Rock, Bible in hand, and gently pressing it against his heart, pleading peace, hospitality, and "soul-liberty"—one of his favourite ideas. His dress is that of his time. His face combines Miltonian sentiment with Cromwellian force. The eye is slightly raised, and abounds with peace. His mouth is particularly well chiselled, and ready to pronounce the welcome message of brotherhood in harmony and freedom. The right hand is elevated, in mild pleading or persuasive discourse, as it were. Mr. Simmons has managed the gently-flowing hair with great felicity, while the noble forehead is, though not majestic, yet not conventional. The character of the whole is that of benign spirituality, manly strength, and manifest refinement. The subordinate figure of History is classical in face, form, and dress. The face possesses great beauty.

Franklin Simmons, the sculptor, was born January 11, 1841, at Lewiston, Maine. His earlier works, mostly portraits, he did in



Statue to Roger Williams, Providence.

Maine, Providence, and Washington. Since 1868 he has lived in Rome. Among his more famous works are an 'Abdiel,' from Milton's "Hymn of Praise," now owned in California; the 'Mother of

Moses,' as she broods over the unhappy condition of Israel; the Naval Monument, in front of the national Capitol; and the Roger Williams and Governor King statues, in the National Gallery.



HAMON, PINX.

EVASSEUR, SCULPT.

AURORA

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF THE PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

II.



CHRISTESEN, of Copenhagen, has made his name famous among the more eminent goldsmiths of Europe. On this page we engrave a silver Tea-service and a silver Salver; the latter

is gilt: both are slightly oxidized. The designs that ornament the whole are of very high merit; they are from drawings made for Herr Christesen by Professor Peters and Herr Olrich, artists high in repute.

INTRODUCTORY.—Continued.

THE Society of Decorative Art in the City of New York was established in the spring of 1877, for the purpose of encouraging profitable industries among women. It has been exceedingly successful. On the 1st of October of the same year it opened a salesroom at No. 4 East Twentieth Street, for sculpture, paintings, wood-carvings, lacework, needlework, tapestries, hangings, and other decorative works, selected from contributions sent chiefly by women from all parts of the country; and during the three

months following it sold \$4,799.93 of these goods. The first annual report of the society, presented January 1, 1878, describes as follows the special aims of the organisation: First, to induce art-workers to master thoroughly the details of one kind of decoration, that they may make for themselves a reputation of commercial value; secondly, to assist those who have worked unsuccessfully, in choosing some practical and popular direction for their labour; thirdly, to open classes in various kinds of decorative work; fourthly, to establish a lending library of handbooks on subjects of decorative art and design, for the use of those persons who can-

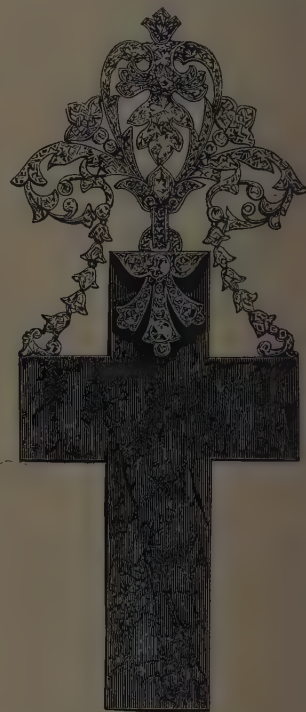
The renowned firm of BOUCHERON, jeweller and goldsmith, of the Palais

of great ability in design and execution. The principal is a Candlestick of silver, very beautifully engraved by an accomplished artist. The other pieces

we select are a Châtelaine com-



Royal, Paris, supplies us with examples



posed of rose diamonds and blue



crystals, a cross of lapis lazuli

with a diamond rosette, and a ruby heart upheld by diamonds.

The contributions of the eminent firm are of great value.

not have the benefit of classes, or access to the museums and exhibitions of a large city; fifthly, to form connections with manufacturers and importers, to obtain orders from private individuals and from dealers in decorated pottery, china, tiles, cabinet-work, carvings, draperies, embroideries, and other articles of household art; and, sixthly, to develop the beautiful art of needlework, and assist in adapting it to the requirements of house-furnishing and decoration. These aims are comprehensive and important, and it is interesting to learn that in carrying them out the society has received the sympathy and support of the intelligent public, and

has made its decisions authorities in matters of decorative art. "The society," says the report, "stands to-day between a public willing to accept its decisions with regard to the merit of that which it offers for sale and the producers—most of them entirely without training in Art-work." When the society has affixed its seal of recognition to a piece of work, buyers feel confident that they are getting the worth of their money.

For, from the very first, it has been the unswerving resolution of the society to accept only contributions of merit. This resolution discovered a lively sense of the causes that have brought

We engrave a side elevation of the Dining-room in the Pavilion of the Prince of Wales in the English section of the Exhibition. The woodwork is of solid walnut, having panels

inlaid with ebony and ivory. Above the dado are eight compartments, representing scenes from *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and produced at the Royal Windsor Tapestry Works.



Over the mantelpiece is a portrait of her Majesty the Queen, also in tapestry, from the original painting, graciously lent for this purpose. The whole arrangement is from designs executed

by artists of the firm of Messrs. Gillow & Co., the object being to secure unity of effect. This has been completely obtained. We shall refer to it at greater length elsewhere.

disaster to similar organisations in every civilised country; and, if persisted in, will almost preclude the possibility of failure. The best energies, social and intellectual, in the city, have been enlisted in behalf of the institution. Its president is Mrs. David Lane; its vice-presidents are Mrs. Wm. T. Blodgett, Mrs. Richard M. Hunt, Mrs. S. L. M. Barlow, and Mrs. Joseph H. Choate; its treasurer is Miss Charlotte Bruce Arnold; its secretaries are Mrs. T. M. Wheeler, Mrs. W. W. Phipps, and Miss Caroline H. Patterson. Its executive committee contains the names of Mrs. Walter C.

Tuckerman, Mrs. C. E. Whitehead, Mrs. J. W. Pinchot, Mrs. H. G. De Forest, Miss Van Doren, Miss C. Furniss, and Miss H. L. Robbins. Its managers are Mrs. Cyrus W. Field, Mrs. Wm. H. Osborn, Mrs. H. W. Bellows, Mrs. Abram S. Hewitt, Mrs. John Crosby Brown, Mrs. Charles E. Whitehead, Mrs. Isaac Bell, Mrs. H. E. Pellew, Miss Bryant, and Miss Cooper; and among its associate managers are Mrs. B. G. Arnold, Mrs. Joseph T. Low, Mrs. William M. Evarts, Mrs. Elliott C. Cowdin, Mrs. Levi P. Morton, Mrs. August Belmont, Mrs. Edward J. Wolsey, Mrs. Lewis M.

We give other examples of the



works of Messrs. THOMAS WEBB & Co., of Stourbridge. They are

much ability, and with careful and educated skill. Our



selections from their numerous "exhibits" are at pre-

canters and Water Jugs; but their



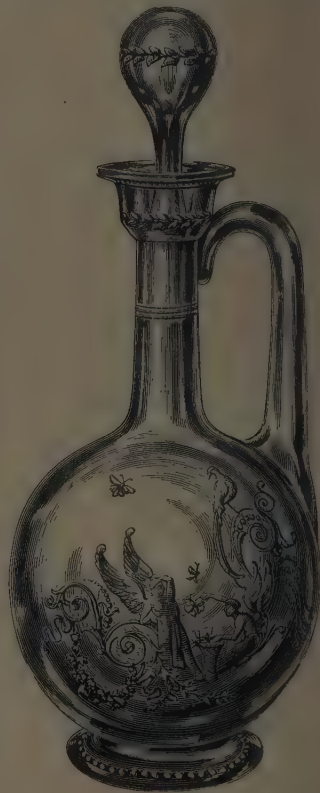
"show" comprises a large variety of objects of all classes and orders



singularly beautiful specimens of engraved glass, designed with



sent limited—as best suited to our purpose—to De-



to which the engraving and cutting of the pure metal can be applied.

Rutherford, Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, Mrs. Joseph W. Patterson, Mrs. Charles E. Miller, Mrs. David S. Eggleston, Mrs. A. B. Stone, Mrs. Alexander Hosack, Mrs. Frederick R. Jones, Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes, Mrs. Louis C. Tiffany, Mrs. Edward Cooper, Mrs. Loyall Farragut, Mrs. Frank E. Draper, Mrs. John Jay, Mrs. S. B. Dana, Mrs. Wm. F. Smith, Mrs. T. H. Newbold, Mrs. Henry C. Potter, Mrs. Francis C. Barlow, Mrs. Sidney Webster, Mrs. John M. Fiske, Mrs. James P. Kernochan, Mrs. Dudley Field, Mrs. J. K. Gracie, Mrs. Louis F. Battelle, Mrs. F. W. Stevens,

Mrs. William Astor, Mrs. F. B. Godwin, Mrs. J. W. Bigelow, Miss Faitoute, and Miss F. A. Cooper; its advisory council is composed of Mrs. Jonathan Sturgis, Mrs. John A. Dix, Mrs. David Lane, Mrs. Hamilton Fish, Mrs. Cyrus W. Field, Mrs. J. J. Astor, Mr. William Cullen Bryant, Mr. Joseph H. Choate, Mr. Howard Potter, Mr. J. M. Fiske, Mr. James W. Pinchot, Mr. Richard Butler, Mr. George C. Magoun, Mr. Charles L. Tiffany, Mr. D. D. Lord, Mr. W. C. Prime, Mr. J. D. Vermilye, Mr. F. A. Stout, Mr. R. M. Hunt, Mr. T. D'Orémieux, General di Cesnola, and Mr.

The Plaque engraved on this page is another of the works of ELKINGTON, from the design, and mainly executed by, the artist A. W. Willms. It is of *repoussée* steel, in bold relief.

The subject represented is 'Love brought to Reason,' the idea being taken from the painting of the famous French artist, P. Prudhon, of the first Empire. The picture portrays Cupid



bound to the statue of Minerva, Goddess of Wisdom, and being teased by a maiden; the boy is represented as endeavouring to break his bonds. The border of this work of Art is ornamented by

four trophies of arms, richly damascened in gold, and also by four Cupids, imagined to be ambassadors of the one captured, who are flying in different directions, holding in their hands emblems of Love.

Frederick Law Olmsted. Although the society was organised primarily to help women to make saleable and beautiful articles of industry, it receives also the contributions of men; and while it has proved itself to be a very real charity to hundreds of clever persons whom it has helped by disposing of their productions at fair prices, it is nevertheless, so far as the general public is concerned, in no respect a charity, people who buy of it invariably getting their money's worth.

The services of the society in educating the tastes of its contributors deserves a word of mention. Each rejected contribution is

returned with a courteous note, in which the reasons for the rejection are succinctly and intelligently rehearsed. In consequence, says the annual report, "the quality of work has steadily improved, and those contributors who have persisted in sending work in spite of its being declined, varying it according to criticism, have thereby had the benefit of constant instruction, and have become apt and successful workers." That is a pleasant story, and it reflects honour upon both parties. The classes in china and tile painting, Art-needlework, and the decoration of pottery, have found favour and profit, so much so, indeed, that the public will second the pro-

The Parquetage of which we give examples on this page is made by Mr. T. TURPIN, of Bayswater, who has obtained high

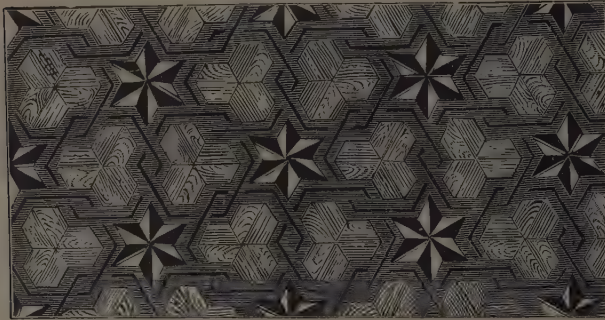


reputation for a class of work now very largely used in Europe,

Mr. Turpin claims that, by his patent right, he has secured many advantages, the greatest of which is, perhaps, the thinness



of the layers of coloured woods, yet rendering the parquet flooring



as well as in this country, as flooring in aristocratic mansions.



sufficiently strong to resist the strain of heavy bodies. It is with



the designs we have most to do; these, while very varied, manifest sound Art knowledge and careful study of the appropriate.

That the process can be elaborately worked out is evidenced by the larger cut copied from a floor executed for the Earl of Dudley.

position that "the society shall furnish instruction in every form of Art-industry that can conduce to the self-support of women, and especially that it shall diffuse a knowledge of decorative Art, as distinguished from high Art, in the aspiration for which so many failures have been made, it having long been a reproach to this country that in all industries requiring artistic skill and training the grade of such work has been lower here than in Europe." Concerning the matter of Art-needlework, the report is unusually suggestive: "The various stitches in crewel-work have been taught with great success in several instances by letter only, in one case to an invalid,

who now sends beautiful work from her bed of pain which she has not left for over two years. Another pupil in Indiana, also taught in this way, has sent, after several trials, a piece of work so admirable, both in colour and execution, that it was at once sent to the Loan Exhibition, and has since been sold to an auxiliary society as a specimen of excellent work, to serve as a model to its contributors." The teachers in these classes seem to understand that decorative needlework has certain very distinct principles and rules of its own; that its range is much wider than the range of the merely useful; that it is foolish to attempt to reproduce Nature on the

The Painted Windows, contributed by Messrs. FOURACRE and WATSON, of Plymouth, are excellent examples of their order. We give the figures without the attendant traceries

The picture consists mainly of four subjects: 1. Brotherly Love—one figure supporting another in distress. 2. Relief—a female with a child receiving relief from a second figure. 3. Truth—a



and armorial bearings. It is a Masonic Window, and is executed for the Guildhall of the old Devon town, designed, and to be placed there, to commemorate the visit of the Prince of Wales.

figure with a square at his feet, the perfect ashlar, the volume of the sacred law, the compasses, and pencil. 4. Obedience—two figures representing the Fellow Craft and Entered Apprentice.

materials used for such designs; that conventional forms rather than natural ones are worthy of imitation, while even those forms should be as simple as possible. The Loan Exhibition, just mentioned, was a most novel and brilliant affair. It contained oil-paintings not before shown in public, draperies, laces, armour, pottery, *bric-à-brac*, and engravings; and, besides increasing the funds of the society by the amount of nearly \$8,000, aided in diffusing a taste for finer methods of workmanship than heretofore have prevailed.

The Castellani collection of antiquities, lately on exhibition in the

Metropolitan Museum in New York, which came so near becoming a perpetual possession of this country, but, to the grief of every American lover of the rare and the beautiful in Art, has slipped from our grasp just when we had learned best how to appreciate its incomparable worth, consisted of gold and silver jewels and ornaments of Greek, Italian, Etruscan, and other workmanship, statuary, bronzes, and glass, and also of a complete (and its completeness was the most conspicuous element of its value) historical collection of majolica. Among the personal ornaments were necklaces, chains, bracelets, hair-pins, ear-rings, finger-rings, and amu-

We engrave the principal pieces of a remarkably beautiful Dessert Service exhibited by Mr. PERCIVAL DANIELL, of London, for whom



it was specially painted on porcelain (the manufacture of Messrs. Minton)



by the artist, Mr. Thomas Allen. The whole of the subjects are copied



from drawings by Angelica Kauffmann. The series will be classed among the most successful examples of British ceramic Art, and is not likely

lets; among the toilet-articles, combs, rouge-boxes, and mirrors; and in the statuary, a statue of Bacchus, a bust of the Empress Julia Paola, and a very remarkable Greek piece representing a boy taking a thorn out of his foot—a work the artistic excellences of which have perhaps not been surpassed in any similar specimen yet seen in America. Among the majolica were Siculo-Arabian wares, which showed how the Saracens worked in stanniferous enamel and gold; Della-Robbia ware; mezza-majolica with lead-glaze; the lustred wares of Gubbio, with their tints of gold, ruby, green, silver, blue, and rainbow; Florentine porcelain, one bowl

to be surpassed by any of the modern productions



of the Continent. It is certainly gratifying to find



that notable advances in this important branch of Art



manufacture have been gradually made since 1851.

of which was made in the sixteenth century; and examples of the work of such famous factories as those of Caffaggiuolo, Faenza, Pesaro, Urbino, Durante, and Castel, and such celebrated masters as Orazio Fontana, Xanto, Guido Durantino, and Giorgio. Signor Castellani, the owner of the collection, is a jeweller in Rome. For a long time he has been in the habit of buying these works of art, partly for the sake of reproducing the methods used in their manufacture, and partly for the sake of the pleasure derived from the possession of such things. He is now exhibiting his collection in the Universal Exhibition in Paris.

We engrave other of the works of Mr. J. W. SINGER, of Frome, from the designs of his son. The

the whole of which is beaten up from one piece, and then enamelled; from the base rise two very enriched pillars, with carved capitals, support-



Monument is a mural brass, nine feet high, a very elaborate example of high-class workmanship, having a curious piece of hammered work for the base,



ing the canopy above, on which the four Evangelists are incised, and filled in with colours; the head being a likeness in *repoussée* work in copper, let



into the brass triangular part, while the two angels are chased in bronze. The other two objects are a Rose-water Dish in *repoussée* work, and a brass Coffee Tray of very fine incised work, entirely cut by the artist's chisel.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art was founded for the purpose of education, and its trustees cannot congratulate themselves too warmly over the acquisition of the Cesnola collections. Nor can the public fail to derive satisfaction from their desire to make prominent the educational importance of the institution. "While the school system," says their latest annual report, "affords to the youth of the country opportunities of learning, this must be at the best a limited kind of training, which serves only to prepare the mind for that practical education which is necessary to success in life. History may be studied in books, but the lessons of history

can never be so well learned as when illustrated by the works of the men and the nations who made history. All the reading which a young artisan might do in the study of his trade would not avail to make him a successful workman in wood or in metal until he had studied examples of the work itself, nor will he ordinarily progress in any department of work, beyond the most simple utilitarianism, until the study of illustrations of high art in his trade has shown him that the great object to be attained is the union of the beautiful with the useful, and that it is quite as easy, and far more profitable, to make his work artistic. The collections of the

The prevailing taste for "Early English" and "Queen Anne" furniture has necessitated the introduction of Clocks designed in the style of the period. With the aid of emi-

designs by Mr. Thomas Harris, F.R.I.B.A. They are respectively in the Jacobean and Queen Anne styles, are made in walnut and ebony, inlaid with panels of artistically designed painted china. These two



nent Art authorities, Messrs. HOWELL and JAMES, of London, have produced a series of authentic models, of which the two illustrations here given are examples from special

Clocks are intended to hang on the walls of a room, and to be decorated with vases, &c.; as shown. Messrs. Howell and James are the originators of this new style of Clock.

Museum of Art are therefore of the utmost importance to the artisans of this country. Their influence is already felt, although they are but few. The earnest examination given to them on free days by men of the working-classes is one of the most gratifying indications of their usefulness." It was in 1873 that General L. P. di Cesnola, then American consul at Cyprus, brought from that island his first collection of antiquities—chiefly pottery—excavated from the soil. In 1874 he added to it a collection of finger and ear rings, bracelets, and other ornamented objects of Phœnician and early Greek workmanship; and in 1876 a third collection, consist-

ing chiefly of treasures discovered in the temple of Kurium, also on the island of Cyprus. In a vaulted passage, a long distance underground, he found four chambers filled with objects in gold, silver, clay, alabaster, and bronze. Among the gold objects were bracelets, necklaces, finger-rings (holding engraved stones), cylinders, and bowls; among the silver objects, cups, vases, armlets, belts, bracelets, and various dishes; and among the bronzes, caldrons, vases, mirrors, weapons, tripods, and candelabra. Many of these things are believed to date back as far as the fourteenth century before Christ, and were votive offerings of generations of worship-

M. HOTTOT, of Paris, an eminent manufacturer of works in bronze, sup-



plies us with examples of his produc-



tions. They are of the usual order, of the class for which Paris has long been

renowned—Statuettes, Vases, Clocks, Candelabra,



and so forth—conspicuous for good and true modelling and excellence of finish. In Art works of this



character the artisans of France, who are artists as

well as artisans, excel those of every



other country, without an excep-

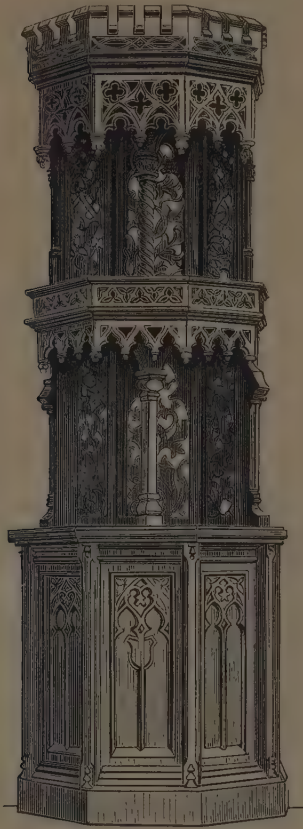


tion, even in Europe.

pers. Their chief historic significance is that they show us for the first time the origin of Greek art. Long before the time of Phidias and Praxiteles, Assyrians, Egyptians, and Phoenicians, were living side by side in Cyprus, whither they had gone to obtain the iron, silver, gold, cedar, grain, hemp, and flax, in which the island was rich; and, as Dr. Brunn expresses it, Cyprus was the caldron where Greek art was brewed out of the civilisations of Assyria, Phœnicia, and Egypt. It had long been a mystery to scholars where the Greeks got all their artistic learning from. General di Cesnola's explanations have solved the mystery, showing that

Greek art was a development from the art of its neighbours on the Mediterranean. The sarcophagus of Athienau, for instance, now in the Metropolitan Museum, contains side by side Assyrian, Egyptian, Chaldean, Persian, and Greek sculptures. The Museum paid the General \$110,000 for his three collections; but Signor Castellani says that they are worth nearly thrice that sum. They cost the General twelve years of labour, and about \$72,000 in cash. He thinks that the northern shore of the island might yet repay an explorer who had a government behind him to meet his expenses; but that nothing is more precarious, more expensive, and so far as

M. JACOBY, a manufacturer of Carved Furni-



ture of high order, exhibits several works that do credit to the artists and artisans employed



to produce them. They are all executed in

England by English workmen. The styles are varied, though principally Gothic, and are for all purposes—for use as well as ornament; we cannot



overpraise the skill of the workman, every production exhibited being remarkable for finish. We shall engrave other examples of Mr. Jacoby's work in a later number.

money is concerned less remunerative, than these excavations in the interest of archæology.

In Boston, the Museum of the Fine Arts was visited last year by more than one hundred and fifty thousand persons. The sum of \$100,000 has just been raised for the purpose of completing the front of the building on the open place before Trinity Church; but, when this part is done, only one-fourth of the entire museum will have been finished; the original plan, which will undoubtedly be carried into execution, being to have the structure form four sides of a square, with an interior extension across the quadrangle.

The work on the new part will probably be finished by next April. There will be an additional room for casts, and for an architectural collection on the first floor; another large picture-gallery on the second floor; and also an "Allston Room," which will be devoted to the works of Washington Allston and other early American artists, and a room for cabinet-pictures and temporary exhibitions. On the third story, with its fine top-light, will be the painting-rooms for students. Already the acquired treasures of the museum embrace almost the whole range of ancient and modern art, together with its correlated industries.



THE RESCUE-- LION HUNTING IN ARABIA.

OUR STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

(Frontispiece.)

G. A. STOREY, A.R.A., Painter.

T. SHERRATT, Engraver.



IN the *Art Journal* for June, 1875, we gave a sketch of Mr. Storey's career as an artist, and accompanied it with a few illustrations. Since then Mr. Storey has been elected into the ranks of the Royal Academy, an honour he had legitimately won by the many pictures which, during several years, he had contributed to the annual exhibitions of that institution, and of subjects as varied in character as they are distinguished by qualities inseparable from good Art. "His canvases are never overloaded with material," we wrote of them on the occasion referred to, "and, on the other hand, they are never wanting in subject-matter of more or less interest. Nature has bestowed on the painter excellent inventive capacity, which has been carefully cultivated according to the teachings of a school wherein graceful design is a leading feature, whatever may be the theme." And we find this quality in the figure of the lady who, concealed behind the huge trunk of a pollard willow, listens stealthily to the voice of a young man practising a ballad out in the open air, which very probably he hopes visibly to sing to her by-and-by. The situation is certainly humorous: the vocalist giving expression to the words of the song by his outstretched hand, unconscious of being overheard, and the quiet attitude of the listener, fearful lest even the rustling of her dress should disturb the music which, doubtless to her, "hath charms" of more than ordinary welcome. The incident—perhaps not altogether improvised—will doubtless afford both performer and auditor some pleasant amusement hereafter, and perhaps call up a blush on the cheeks of both.

The landscape portion of this picture is painted with unquestionable truthfulness and vigorous yet delicate pencilling: it makes a beautiful setting to the principal figure.

AURORA.

J. L. HAMON, Painter.

J. LEVASSEUR, Engraver.

M. JEAN LOUIS HAMON, the painter of this poetic composition, is a French artist, who had as his instructors in painting two mas-

ters of great renown, Paul Delaroche and C. Gleyre, to whom Delaroche transferred, or rather recommended, his pupils when obliged to relinquish teaching. He was born in 1821; died in 1874. In 1848 he exhibited two paintings, 'Over the Gate' and 'The Tomb of Christ,' at the Museum of Marseilles. In 1862 he exhibited at the Paris *Salon* a picture entitled 'My Sister is not there,' that attracted great attention, and was bought by Louis Napoleon. Among his best-known paintings are 'The Maidens of Lesbos' and 'The Muses at Pompeii.'

His 'Aurora' is a refined and exquisite figure, except that the drawing of the lower limbs is somewhat clumsy. Lightly clad—

"The meek-eyed Morn appears, mother of the dews,"

which glisten like pearls on her flowing hair, on the leaves of the stately hollyhock, and on those of the gracefully-twining convolvulus. A flower-cup of this last plant, assumed to be filled with the "orient pearls," as Milton designates the dewdrops, Aurora holds gracefully and lightly to her lips. The sentiment is pretty and poetic, while the whole picture is suffused by a white, misty, and warm tone of sunshine, suggestive of "the young day pouring in apace."

LION-HUNTING IN ARABIA: THE RESCUE.

C. A. COESSIN DE LA FOSSE, Painter.

J. C. ARMYTAGE, Engraver.

AMONG the pictures exhibited at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, London, to which prizes have been adjudged, is the one engraved here; a premium of forty guineas having been awarded to the painter of it in 1864, as the "best picture, irrespective of subject, by a French artist resident on the Continent." M. Coessin de la Fosse was born at Lisieux (Calvados), and was a pupil of Picot, and afterwards of Couture. He exhibited this picture at the *Salon* in Paris, in 1863, under the title of 'Chasse au Lion par les Arabes,' and with the following motto: "C'est ordinairement un parent de la victime qui se dévoue." The painting is about seven or eight feet in width, and it will perhaps better bear criticism as a work of Art than as an illustration of wild sporting-life. If the grouping of the hunters is not very sportsmanlike, the composition is picturesque, and the design spirited.

THE METHODS OF A MARINE PAINTER.

"WAVES," said Mr. M. F. H. De Haas, the marine painter, as we were talking one afternoon in his studio, "never exactly repeat themselves; but a similar wave always comes back, so that, in making studies of them, I watch the appearance of just such a wave as I wish to represent, draw it at once, and take its colour from a second wave. Only after long experience will the drawing be successful, and even then the correct aspect of a wave is hard to get. Waves in deep water have one distinctive aspect, waves in soundings another, waves along the shore another. In mid-ocean, for instance, they are rounder and hill-like; near the land they become sharp and broken up. As for colour, in deep water they are a dark, inky blue, difficult to describe because it varies with the appearance of the sky; while towards soundings they become greenish, and nearer the shore greener, where the coast is rocky, and yellowish where it is sandy. Waves in deep water are always the most difficult for me to paint; the motions of those on the coast are much more distinct and regular.

"The great charm of marine painting," continued Mr. De Haas,

"consists in the fact that every cloud of any size affects the colour of the water, so much so that what you see is rather sky-reflection than the real colour of the water, except, of course, in the immediate foreground. Wind also comes in and changes the colour; the less wind there is the more nearly perfect is the reflection of the sky. On the surface of a lake, when there are no wind and no motion, the sky is perfectly mirrored. I have seen instances," he exclaimed, "when you could hardly tell which was sky and which was lake." The reflection was complete both in colour and in shapes. Of course, the ocean, being never as still as a lake, never perfectly reflects the colours of the clouds. But often it comes very near doing so; and the chief pleasure of a marine painter lies in watching and reproducing these shifting, glorious hues."

The walls of this artist's studio are almost entirely covered with studies of sea-scenes. His process of making these studies is simple, and I was glad to get hold of it, because what an artist says about himself to a friend is always more interesting than what a critic says about him to the public. Each study was a foot and a half long by one foot wide, and took two hours in the making. "You can't work much longer than that," he said, "the light and

almost everything else change so. As for the sky in the scene, sometimes you have scarcely fifteen minutes in which to paint it. In such cases I begin from Nature and finish from memory. For most things my memory is poor, but I never forget a sky. First of all, in making a study out-doors on the sea-coast, I paint the sky, then the horizon, and then the waves in the foreground. The colours of the sky I put on with a palette-knife, because this is the quickest way of doing it."

To Mr. De Haas the greatest value of a study is its aid in strengthening the memory to remember natural scenes. When one is committing poetry to memory, copying it on paper makes the labour easier. Very seldom can a study be used as a composition for a picture. It may please a critic or an artist, but it lacks a certain pleasing arrangement which a picture should possess. "I use studies," said Mr. De Haas, "to test the correctness of the key, colour, and tone of my paintings; and sometimes, also, I put parts of them into the paintings. But I have never enlarged a study into a picture."

In making a picture, he first draws a sketch with charcoal and chalk on tinted paper, in order to get forms and the general effect. Next, on the canvas itself, which is slightly tinted, he draws in charcoal the outlines of the picture, at the same time often improving upon the sketch already made. Then he sets his palette, beginning at the right, with the following pigments, in the order as given: vermilion, the cadmiums, Naples yellow, yellow ochre, gold ochre, sienna, and the blues. Below the blues, at the extreme left, are placed the browns; below the vermilion and the cadmiums, at the extreme right, are placed the lakes; between the browns and the lakes is placed the white. He likes a large palette and plenty of room. The pigment of which he uses the most is white—for the sky and water. Cobalt-blue comes next so far as quantity is concerned. The other pigments are applied in very nearly equal amounts. Winsor and Newton's London pigments are his favourites; though he uses, also, a few German pigments, especially lakes and Naples yellow, the tints of which are distinct from the English pigments of the same names. Every country that manufactures pigments produces some that no other country produces. In America the tendency is to duplicate everything that is English.

The charcoal outlines of the future picture on the canvas are next "drawn in" with umber and turpentine, and are thus preserved. Then comes the painting proper. Most artists begin with the sky first, but Mr. De Haas begins below the horizon, and lays in the background and foreground tentatively and proximately, not finishing them till afterwards. Next in order is the sky. When about half done the picture is put into its frame, and "worked up" to the frame.

The most difficult part of his work is the rendering of the sky, although most marine painters find the water the most troublesome; and the most pleasant part of his work is the finishing after the canvas has been entirely covered, and all the parts have been roughly put together. The older he grows the harder he finds it to paint a picture. "Nothing is easier," he remarked, "than to make water look thin, transparent, and glassy—thin and transparent, so that any object would drop through it to the bottom; glassy, so that the waves would cut right into the object on it. The artist, however, gives you water on which a vessel can safely float—wet water, water with movement and body to it. I like nothing better than to paint a storm."

Mr. De Haas's style is neither what is known as the broad nor what may be called the minute. He always tries to finish a picture as far as the impression that he desires to convey will allow; but his finish is rather finish in colour than in lines. He believes in trying to represent things as he sees them in Nature; and he cares (he says) nothing for book-principles of Art. Neither in his work nor in anything else has he much of what is called system. "I don't think," he exclaimed, "that a picture is ever done; I may think that I can't do any more to it, and indeed I never let a picture go that I think I can improve; but a completed picture does not exist. When I see one of my old pictures sometimes I feel like changing it, and at other times I am surprised to see it looking so well.

"The artist," he continued, "must paint to please himself; as soon as he begins to paint with the idea of pleasing the general public he is lost. The general public likes certain effects—effects

cleverly executed, and at first glance very inviting, but without meaning and soon tiring the beholder. By persistently painting good pieces, however, the public will become educated to like them."

"Which is the best of your pictures?" I asked.

"I cannot tell," he replied; "in one picture I like one part better, and in another picture another part. I really can't say which is the best picture I ever painted. I have and always have had a special fancy for moonlight-scenes; the oftener I see them the more I am impressed by them. The moonlight-scenes in and near New York are, I think, finer than any other locality, except, perhaps, on the ocean. They are more luminous, more highly coloured, and more atmospheric, than in Europe. The cloud-scenery in the suburbs of New York is the noblest and most beautiful in the world."

Somehow or other the conversation took hold of Turner's 'Slave-ship.' Mr. De Haas's estimate of that work was decided. "I don't think it is anything at all," said he; "I don't think a man who is not either crazy or drunk would paint such a thing. Turner, undoubtedly, was a great artist, but I never saw anything attractive in that picture. I don't think he painted the picture in a normal condition; there is not a-bit of Nature in it. It is entirely devoid of daylight. I never was more disappointed than when I first saw it. I liked Ruskin's description very much better than the painting itself: if the latter had been as Ruskin described it, it would have been very beautiful. I have never yet heard an artist express a favourable opinion of Turner's 'Slave-ship.'"

Mr. De Haas's portfolios are heavy with studies, some of which were made in early boyhood. "I'll show you things that I used to draw," said he, opening one of the portfolios, and turning over sheets filled with crayon representations of every part of a ship, together with almost everything on board a ship. Masts, boats, sails furled and unfurled, bowsprits, top-masts, blocks, pendants, flying jib-booms, sail-yards, ropes, knots, anchors, sailors—all were there. Not a day passes that he does not use one or more of them. The studies hanging on the walls of his studio must number two hundred and fifty at least. They represent waves in every sort of motion and under every sort of sky. A stuffed sea-gull, which measures four feet across from tip to tip, and a meadow-hawk, are among the striking objects in the room where Mr. De Haas has worked during the last fifteen years.

The rapids of Niagara, which Mr. De Haas has recently been visiting, and the atmospheric effects of which are to him altogether unique and wonderful, will soon form the subject of a new picture. The rapids, he says, are harder to paint than the falls.

The conversation turned to the subject of Art-dealers and their influence on Art; and I mentioned their prevailing desire that an artist who has had success in one particular effect or composition should devote himself to repeating himself. "Such a course," said Mr. De Haas, "is very unsatisfactory to an artist, however satisfactory it may be to an Art-dealer. In the first place, after copying his own pictures, an artist is almost sure to find that his first works are better than his last. The reason is because he has been painting, not from Nature, nor from the memory of what he has seen in Nature, but from a copy of what he has seen. His production, therefore, being that of a mere copyist, lacks originality, vitality, and freshness. It is well enough for him to keep painting in the same general style in which he has been successful—say storm-scenes, moonlight-scenes, or what not. I see no harm in that. He can do so, and yet in each instance go direct to Nature for his materials. But to do as the Art-dealers wish him, to repeat himself continually, is fatal to his growth and incompatible with his pleasure. Besides, it is unpleasant for an Art-collector, who has bought one of his pictures, to see *fac-similes* of it in the galleries of neighbours. When a man owns a fine picture, he has a moral right to the copyright of it—at least he is apt to think that he has, and certainly I agree with him. I like very much the methods of European Art-dealers. In this country, with few exceptions, Art-dealers sell American pictures on commission; but in Europe they usually buy domestic pictures outright. An Art-dealer there will make a contract with a promising young artist to give him so much for every picture he paints, and the artist meanwhile will not sell to anybody else. It then becomes for the dealer's advantage to make the reputation of the artist. He introduces him to the public; he says on all occa-

sions a good word for his work. Of course, he can do this much better than the artist himself. He sees hundreds of Art-buyers every day; but the artist can only exhibit his picture and let it speak for itself. At first the Art-dealer makes the larger profit; but, when his *protégé* is established, the tables are turned. In this way the Art-dealer encourages true Art, and also makes money. Many of the best contemporaneous European painters have by this means been brought before the public, and been given a chance to become famous. American dealers could give American Art a good lift if they chose to."

"But is not European Art really superior to American Art?" I inquired; "and does not our present fondness for foreign works grow out of the better comparative quality of those works?"

"We all know," he replied, "that the position of landscape-painting in this country is at least as high as, if not higher than, in Europe; and, although the number of our good figure-painters may not be large, there is certainly in their pictures more originality than in the pictures of the average European figure-painter. With few exceptions, I admit that *genre*-painting is undeniably better across the Atlantic. But Eastman Johnson's work has indisputably more originality both in the conception and in the handling of his subject than that of most foreign artists. What Art in this country needs most of all is encouragement; and I am sure that Art-dealers who daily come in contact with large numbers of picture-buyers, and daily do much in instructing and developing the artistic tastes of picture-buyers, might become most valuable allies of American Art as well as of American artists."

A painter in any department of Art naturally magnifies the characteristic difficulties of that department; and perhaps it is impossible to tell whether landscapes or figures, or animals or marines, are the hardest subjects to paint. Mr. De Haas, as might have been expected, thinks that marines are the hardest; and his reasons for the opinion are fresh and bountiful. A coast-painter, he says, is only half a marine painter. A marine painter is a painter who can paint mid-ocean scenes as well. To do this it is necessary that he should go to sea, and become as familiar with the appearance and the handling of a ship and her rigging as a sailor is. He must learn how to put a vessel in position, what sails to use under different circumstances, what each particular rope is for, how the vessel appears at various times, how the water looks, what elements disturb it, and a thousand other things, a knowledge of which can be obtained only by going to sea." Mr. De Haas's practice has been accordant with his theory. He has been a sailor in the Dutch navy; he has cruised in the English Channel in pilot-boats and other craft; he has witnessed a great variety of noble sea-scenes, and has preserved the noblest of them in sketches. He has also crossed the Atlantic, and he knows how to sail a ship. But a figure-painter does not need to go out of his studio; he can bring his models to him. Mr. De Haas admits that it is

more difficult to make drawings of the human form in different positions than to make drawings of ships in different positions; but he thinks that if figure-painters would only try marine painting they would get a more adequate idea of its demands. Wave-drawing, sky-painting, and wave-colouring, would open their eyes, even if an attempt to represent a ship did not. For the sake of peace, however, he would concede to figure-painting an equal difficulty with that of marine painting. But he could not go further than that. The fact that there are so few good marine painters in this or any other country is undoubtedly an argument on his side of the fence.

"An artist's success," observed Mr. De Haas, "depends an immense deal upon the selection and arrangement of his subjects. Take two artists returning from the same charming place. One of them brings back fine subjects; the other subjects of no account at all. The difference is simply one of artistic taste. Artists as well as the public like this happy selection and arrangement of theme. Of course, as I have said, the public taste is not what an artist consults; on the contrary, it is his business to elevate it: and, if, while not desiring to please the public, an artist conscientiously labours to produce his truest and his best, his work is in the line of his own development and well-being. But by the display of a proper spirit he is often able to change a hostile taste. For example, people often want an artist to paint an impossible picture. They go to his studio, pick out a sketch that they like, a mid-day coast-scene, for instance, and ask him to make a sunset or a moonlight scene out of it. This thing can't be done, of course; but, if you take the trouble quietly to explain why it can't be done, they will see the reasons at once. Most intelligent persons sometimes make just such mistakes, simply because they have not had a special training. Very often they wish a picture painted from a high point of view—a point from which all creation is visible behind and before. A little explanation will convince them that such a representation would do for a panorama, but not for a picture. I suppose that every artist has such experiences in his studio."

Marine painters, as far as Mr. De Haas's observation goes, make mistakes oftenest in the position and in the drawing of vessels. These vessels are frequently represented in positions where neither the wind nor the currents of the scene could ever put them, and are also imperfectly drawn. Then, too, the rigging often assumes impossible aspects. Many of these pictures, of course, only a technically educated critic could competently criticise. Indeed, Art-criticism in general Mr. De Haas considers to be one of the most difficult of performances. Neither an artist nor any other person can easily give correct judgments respecting all kinds of pictures. A landscape-painter, for instance, who is not a thorough master of figure-painting, is ignorant of hundreds of things requisite to the proper criticism of such a work. Besides, even artists do not see things alike; and they widely differ in their estimates of Art-works.

THE GALLERY OF M. LAURENT RICHARD.



EW private collections of pictures in Paris have enjoyed a more wide-spread and deserved reputation than has that of M. Laurent Richard. Though of no great extent, comprising only about a hundred and fifty paintings, it has been selected with so much care, and includes so many renowned names and so many *chefs-d'œuvre*, that its celebrity has been most justly earned. So valuable is this collection that, before the siege of Paris was commenced, it was transferred to London by its owner. For some reason, as yet unexplained, it is, at the moment that I write, advertised to be sold shortly at the Hôtel Drouot. Therefore, it will be as well to give some account of this remarkable collection before its final dispersion.

M. Richard seems to have possessed a peculiar admiration for the works of Millet, Rousseau, Corot, and Diaz. Of works by the first-named master, the walls of his gallery display no less than ten, most of them striking and noteworthy examples of the sub-

dued yet heart-rending pathos so marvellously expressed by this great depicter of the realism and sadness of toil. Foremost among these is the great picture pronounced by many critics to be Millet's *chef-d'œuvre*—that remarkable work which was more than once refused by the jury of the *Salon*, and that proves to-day the inefficiency of human judgment and the power of petty prejudice. The picture in question is the well-known composition entitled 'Death and the Wood-cutter.' The incident is treated with a calm and impressive solemnity, and with a judicious avoidance of any of the repulsive or sensational elements which a less lofty and real talent could scarcely have failed to introduce into the scene. The skeleton form of Death, arrayed in a hooded chimere of white, turns its back to the spectator, a winged hour-glass upborne in one fleshless hand, while the other grasps the collar of the wearied wood-cutter. There is a strange, weird grace about this tall figure in its white, clinging garment. The wood-cutter has sunk down in a sitting posture by the side of the road. Death need not clasp him so firmly, for the victim seems well satisfied to go. What deep

pathos is there in the whole attitude of that broken-down, tired-out form, the relaxed hands spread out over the weighty bundle of faggots, relinquished ah how gladly! the listless feet in their heavy *sabots*, the soil and fatigue of labour on every line of the visage, and the poor, shabby clothes. And is it chance or intention that gave to the uplifted hand of Death the upward gesture of one who points out the pathway to a higher and happier land? It may be so, for it seems as though that white, resistless form was something more than the mere image of physical dissolution—rather the rest-bringer, the messenger of peace, the harbinger of slumber and of eternal repose. Profoundly mournful in its hidden meaning, therefore, is this noble work—the poor shall rest not till Death bring them sleep.

There is a pathos in Millet's pictures beyond that to be found in the works of any other modern painter. The delicate distresses, the sensational woes of the most dramatic of scenes, seem forced and unreal beside the unexpressed and unconsciously borne sorrows of his men and women from the workshop and the fields. Look, for example, at his little picture in this collection entitled 'The Dressmakers:' an old woman and her daughter sewing busily at some dainty garment; the stolid face of the elder woman, who plods away at her daily task, with the fixed and settled purpose of one used to long years of such labour; and then the pale, unconscious prettiness of the girl, neither dainty nor sentimental, nor over-refined, yet delicate with youth and fragile health. Mark the slender features, the long, thin neck, that tells its story of privation and overwork, and then say if this little work be not sad with an undercurrent of mournfulness that is all Millet's own! Next we mark a larger work: a field-labourer bringing grain to the winnowing-machine; the knotted hands, the coarse visage, the faded garb, the ankle-bones protruding above the heavy *sabots*, are all eloquent of unending and ungrateful toil. There are many other works by Millet here: a young girl churning; a gleaner returning home beneath the setting sun; a woman bringing home her cow, at eventide, and pausing while the creature drinks at the shallow waters of a little stream, while in the background the smoke from the distant cottages rises in dusky spirals against the gold of the sunset sky. In all we find that same unutterable pathos—from all we turn to the great central canvas with its white, spare figure, beckoning onward the wood-cutter to eternal rest: therein Millet has shown the *dénouement* of the homely tragedy of toil that he has painted so well.

Here is Corot in one of his most characteristic moments—a grey tinged morning scene with a mist-veiled sky, and trees and distance showing dimly through the morning vapours. Here, too, is his splendid 'Evening,' a picture that has been celebrated in verse by Théophile Gautier—a red-lit sunset sky above a lonely landscape, and on a glossy pool in the foreground a solitary figure pushing a boat to the shore. Here, too, is his 'Souvenir de Marissel,' which has been engraved, and his 'Souvenir d'Italie.' The Rousseaus are even more numerous, though scarcely more important. Wonderfully beautiful is 'Le Givre,' which also has been engraved, as indeed have been most of the nineteen examples by this master which the gallery contains. The 'Sunset after a Storm' shows a marvellous effect of lurid gold and crimson rays breaking through the heavy masses of cloud that gloom above the western horizon, while the shadows of coming night are stealing over the drenched fields and dripping trees. In lovely contrast is a morning scene—a sunny woodland with floating clouds and fitful gleams of golden sunshine that light the distance with broad bars of radiance. The celebrated 'Bords de l'Oise,' one of the best-known and most frequently engraved of Rousseau's works, forms one of the gems of the collection.

Here is Diaz in his every mood—"his flowers more beautiful than flowers, his suns more radiant than the sun," as the elder Dumas once described his works. Here is a 'Holy Family,' all glowing with warm colour like a summer peach; his 'Bathers;' and a group of flowers, with all the sunshine of summer on their silken petals. Next we come to a 'View in the Forest of Fontainebleau,' with that peculiar effect of sunshine streaming across a forest-path, which he knew so well how to reproduce. There is more than one of these sun-gleam pictures here; they light the wall as with a sudden effect of radiance. How truly was it said of this great artist that the sunlight is diminished since Diaz died!

Meissonier is represented by two works, an *aquarelle* and an oil-

painting. This last, which is of small size, is entitled 'The Two Van der Veldes.' It represents the interior of an artist's studio, with a cavalier in a red cloak seated before an easel and examining the picture which it supports, while the painter stands behind him, palette in hand. The execution shows all the peculiar strength and minute finish, the wonderful *savoir faire* united with breadth of handling, which form the characteristics of Meissonier's talent. In colour this little work is extremely rich and effective, the red mantle of the sitting cavalier lighting the foreground into warmth and brightness. The *aquarelle* represents a procession of the municipal worthies of some French or Flemish town of the Middle Ages, a group of elderly heads painted with fine, sarcastic vigour, and so delicate in execution that the magnifying-glass that lies beside the frame is really needed to reveal all the beauty of the work.

It is hardly possible to examine a picture by Couture without a feeling of disappointment, so far do all his later works fall short of the supreme excellence of his 'Romans of the Decadence,' at the Luxembourg. When that great work was first exhibited at the *Salon*, the critics and the public alike hailed in its painter the coming artist, not alone of France, but of the world; for, in the force of its conception, and of its execution, there seemed a dawn of the grandiose qualities of the great masters of old. Yet that noble painting stands alone amid the list of Couture's works, not only unsurpassed but unapproached. His genius seems to have leaped up in one mighty jet of flame, and then sunk down to the calmer glow of a commonplace fire. There are two works from his pencil here, both well and vigorously painted, but betraying none of the great qualities of his *chef-d'œuvre*. One of these is a little picture entitled 'The Sick Pierrot.' Still in his white, loose jacket and black skullcap, Pierrot lies in bed, propped up by many pillows. The doctor, a physician of the last century, with cocked hat, black garb, and solemn visage, lays a finger upon his pulse, while with uplifted hand he motions back the servant who, armed with a warming-pan and a jug of hot water, would fain approach too near the bed. On the other side of the couch stands Harlequin, who turns his face to the wall with a gesture of despairing woe. Is poor Pierrot dying? or is it all a farce gotten up to cheat the doctor? The empty wine-bottles on the floor, and an inscription on the wall to the effect that Science makes the doctor see what does not exist, and hinders him from seeing what really is, would seem to point to the latter supposition. At all events, this doubt is a mistake. It has spoiled the effect of the subject. The other picture by Couture, which is also of small size, is called 'L'Orgie.' It represents an elegantly-furnished room, the scene of a revel after a *bal masqué*. The table is strewn with empty bottles and soiled glasses; the candles burn low and dimly in the lustres. The revellers, all save one, have succumbed to the potent influences of wine and weariness. A fair-haired girl, with disordered garments, lies upon the floor, her head supported on a footstool, and not far from her a young man, in a gorgeous mediæval costume, has fallen prostrate in a state of total insensibility. At one side sits another merry-maker, dressed as a harlequin, and resting his head on his crossed arms, in a drunken slumber. One young man, gaily dressed as a cavalier, with long, light curls falling from beneath his plumed hat, sits upon the table, and looks down upon his prostrate comrades. Something of the spirit of the 'Romans of the Decadence' may be discerned in this small and less ambitious work.

Roybet is seen at his best in this collection, particularly with the fine picture entitled 'The Chess-player,' which shows a cavalier seated before a table, on which is set out a chess-board, and smoking a pipe while waiting for the arrival of his adversary. Very fine in execution and very rich in colouring is this work, the warm crimson of the damask hangings in the background and the hues of the Turkey carpet that covers the table blending deliciously with the pale greys and yellows of the cavalier's costume of velvet and satin. The head is, however, rather coarse and commonplace in type for so gallantly-attired a gentleman. The manner in which the light strikes athwart the crossed legs of the cavalier and the sheen of his silken hose are most admirably represented. Less successful, though more ambitious, is his large composition entitled 'Charles I. insulted by the Soldiers of the Commonwealth.' Through an arched Gothic doorway, descending a flight of steps, comes the prisoner-king, escorted by his guards, to traverse the guard-room of the Puritan soldiery which occupies the foreground.

To the right sits a party of officers, drinking beer, some of whom look with curiosity on the approach of the king. At the other side a young officer turns away, as though unable to look on fallen greatness, and is reproved by a stern veteran beside him. Around the doorway cluster the brutal soldiers, hooting and yelling, while one old ruffian puffs tobacco-smoke in the king's face. The figure of Charles is one of the weakest points in the picture. Very dignified and graceful is he, and correctly costumed in black velvet, with falling point-lace collar, plumed hat, and long cane, but his face wears a worried, half-terrified aspect, and not the look of calm dignity which Charles never lost even under the most trying circumstances. Roybet, in painting his Charles, might have taken a lesson from the cold composure of the Marie Antoinette of Paul Delaroche.

But we have lingered too long over certain treasures in this rich collection, and have scarcely space left for a bare mention of others, almost equally noteworthy. Jules Dupré is represented here by landscapes and marine views, one of these last, a fishing-bark beneath a stretch of grey sky, the ocean heaving into foam-streaked billows, being a veritable gem. From the pencil of Delacroix we have a combat between two gaily-costumed Oriental horsemen, their steeds joining in the fray, and fighting as fiercely as their masters—a wonderful if unpleasant picture, full of energy and movement; and his 'Horses led from the Water,' this last well

known by engravings; as well as one or two of his admirable studies of animal life. Three Fromentins adorn the walls, one of which, 'The Hawking-Party,' has been frequently engraved, and is one of the most important works of this master now in private hands. A gorgeous Troyon, the 'Animals at Pasture,' is but one out of five examples of this artist possessed by M. Richard. The group of cattle in the foreground is worthy of the pencil of Paul Potter himself. Here are the oft-engraved 'Château d'Ornans,' by Courbet, and a view of a forest-shadowed mountain-stream, two fine examples of that strange erratic talent, too early quenched by dissipation and by the sorrows of exile. Isabey's 'Laboratory of an Alchemist' is a large and well-painted work, with strong effects of light and shade.

Among the pictures of the older masters we find a charming little head by Creuze; the 'Andromaque' of Prudhon (a small but important work); Fragonard's 'Pacha,' a singular effect of colour produced by superposing a mass of white drapery on a pale-yellow ground; a landscape by Crome; a head by Raeburn; and a large work by Dumesnil, 'The Young Artist,' which has been engraved, and which fully merited the honour.

In a few weeks this fine gallery will exist no longer. Dispersed to the four winds of heaven under the hammer of the auctioneer, its fragments will go to enrich other collections; and fortunate are those who have seen it in its collective beauty.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

THE ART-SCHOOLS OF BOSTON.



O better or more comprehensive example can be found of the remarkable growth of interest for the Fine Arts in the United States than the development of Art-education in the city of Boston. Ten years ago the place for Art-instruction in the city was the Free Drawing-School of the Lowell Institute, where the rudimentary principles of the art were taught in a routine way, the encouragement of an artistic spirit being scarcely thought of. Nevertheless, some of our noted American artists made their first beginnings in this school, and now, doubtless, look back with tenderness on their evenings in the dingy old rooms of the Institute. There was, indeed, a pretence of teaching drawing in the public schools, but it was simply as an ornamental accomplishment, without method and, naturally, without results. At this date, there is in the Boston public schools a system of instruction in drawing said to be equalled in completeness and thoroughness of organisation by the public-school system of no other city or country. It begins in the primary and continues through the grammar and high schools, with a normal drawing-school for the instruction of teachers, and free evening-schools of mechanical and industrial drawing in nearly every important section of the city. Then there are the Massachusetts State Normal Art-School, a school of wood-carving, the department of architecture in the Institute of Technology, the Lowell School of Practical Design in the same Institute, and the School of Art connected with the Museum of Fine Arts.

The first great impulse was given in 1870, when it became evident that, if New England was to maintain her supremacy in manufacturing, it could only be through the artistic superiority of her wares, for the time was coming when the coarser grades would be turned out in sections of the country nearer the regions where the raw materials were produced. As artistic excellence could only be obtained through skilled labour, a law was enacted by the State Legislature requiring every city and town of more than ten thousand inhabitants to maintain free evening-schools of mechanical and industrial drawing, and also making the study of drawing obligatory in the public schools. The city of Boston complied at once with the terms of the act, and the establishment of a thoroughly organised system was taken energetically in hand. The services of Mr. Walter Smith, Art-master at Leeds, England, and a graduate of the South Kensington School, were secured as general supervisor of drawing, and shortly afterwards he was also appointed State Director of Art-Education. The system now pursued in the State

and city was planned by him. Modelled on the South Kensington principles, with the addition of whatever has been found practicable and advisable in the system of other countries, it is claimed that the Massachusetts system is the most thorough and extensive in existence. The elements of original design from natural forms are taught in the grammar-schools, and a remarkable aptitude for designing has been developed among the pupils. Many really beautiful designs are shown in the annual exhibitions of drawings, and the practical results of the system are already evident in the children by the increase of their faculties of observation and a perceptible improvement in their taste. Instances are related of children criticising wall-paper and dress-goods from the standpoint of their instruction, and guiding their parents in their selection of such articles. The result of this will naturally be a demand for a more tasteful class of goods.

Great inconvenience was caused by the lack of trained teachers, and, to supply this deficiency, the system was crowned in 1872 by the establishment of the Massachusetts Normal Art-School, under the direction of the State Board of Education. The school is organised on the plan of that at South Kensington, but is said to be a considerable improvement on that institution. Mr. Walter Smith is the director of the school and also professor of Art-Education, Theory, and Practice. Mr. William R. Ware is Professor of Architectural Design, and there are also twelve instructors and lecturers in the various departments of Art. The course extends through four years, and there are four classes. So far, the school has justified all expectations, although, naturally, it has not reached the full measure of its efficiency. The greatest drawback thus far has been found in the lack of knowledge of the rudimentary principles on the part of the entering students. This was one of the considerations which led to the establishment of the school at the Museum of Fine Arts, and it is now proposed to make a proficiency such as would be attained by a year of study at this or some other school of equal grade the condition of admission to the Normal Art-School.

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts was opened in its spacious new building in the summer of 1876, and in the following autumn a School of Art was established in connection with the institution, and assigned temporary but convenient quarters in the basement of the museum. We are so accustomed to hear the application of high-sounding phrases and names in America, that it is indeed remarkable to find an institution doing more and better work than it claims to do. But whoever has watched the course of this school can

easily see that its tendency is towards the establishment of an Art Academy of the highest character. The Normal Art-School has for its aim the training of teachers rather than artists pure and simple, whereas in the Museum School Art in its ideal aspect is the end in view. And, in accordance with this, while the standard is the highest, and the instruction of the most thorough character, it is not held needful to maintain the discipline at such a tension as in the former institution. It is endeavoured to make the students feel the artistic atmosphere in which they work; they are surrounded by the best of influences, and in the collections of the museum they have excellent opportunities for observation and study. As opportunity offers, the scope of the school is extended. The instruction is of the best quality, it being desired that the instructors should be *artists* rather than schoolmasters. The tendency of the institution is more towards the academic freedom prevailing in the greater schools of the Continent, than the conventional rules and restrictions of the Royal Academy in London. The school has now over one hundred and twenty students, and is fortunate in having for its director Mr. Otto Grundmann, a German artist, who received his training at the Antwerp Academy. As the Institute of Technology is represented in the corporation of the museum, and as the two are in immediate neighbourhood, they are able to render important mutual assistance; thus Mr. Ware, the Professor of Architecture at the Institute, has charge of the instruction in perspective at the Museum School. When the museum-building is completed, it is proposed to devote one of the four street-fronts entirely to schools; besides, the Museum School, the department of architecture at the Institute of Technology, the Institute's School of Practical Design, and various other schools of industrial Art, will be located there.

The architectural department at the Institute of Technology was organised in 1868, with four students, under Professor Ware. The number of students has now increased to thirty-two, and the school is exerting a healthy influence on American architecture. It has an extensive and remarkably fine collection, including a valuable library, several thousand photographs, drawings, prints, and litho-

graphs, seven hundred and forty-six plaster-casts, and a large number of specimens of stained glass, architectural models, tiles, terracotta, and various miscellaneous articles.

The Lowell School of Practical Design, at the Institute of Technology, was founded by Mr. John A. Lowell, in 1873, and Mr. Charles Kastner, a thoroughly-trained French designer, was placed at its head. The course is three years, and includes instruction in designing the various fabrics where artistic taste is required, such as wall-paper, prints, carpets, oil-cloths, and various kinds of silk, woollen, and linen goods. Before the establishment of this school, manufacturers had to import their designs from Europe, at great expense, as there were scarcely any practical designers in America; now the great manufactories of Lowell, Lawrence, and other places, get their designs from this school, and the graduates find no trouble in obtaining excellent situations. The manufacturers perceive the importance of the school, and give it substantial encouragement. Last year the Institute established machine and work shops for technical instruction, and five looms have been given to the School of Design by the makers, so that the students are now taught to weave their own designs; for, while the designer for printed goods requires little knowledge of the manufacturing process, a practical knowledge of weaving is necessary for the designer of woven fabrics.

The School of Wood-Carving for Boys grew out of a whittling-school established for the purpose of keeping street-boys out of mischief by turning their propensity for whittling to some account. At the school the boys are now taught the use of three simple tools, with which they turn out work remarkable for dexterity and neatness of finish, and the lads are said to be fascinated with their employment. Two Art-schools for women are now proposed—a school of modelling and carving, and a school of artistic needlework and embroidery.

The growth of these institutions, so various in character and purpose, all in less than a decade, makes a good showing, and speaks well for the future of American Art.

SYLVESTER BAXTER.

NOTES.

BOSTON.—The second exhibition of the Art-Club for 1878 was opened about the middle of April, and remained open three weeks. It was the best display the Art-Club has made for two years, and greatly excelled the last held, though presenting for the most part the work of local artists. It was evident that a more careful and discriminating selection was made than heretofore, while the artistic arrangement of the chosen pictures on the walls was a very noticeable feature. One reason why the exhibition was so conspicuously good was, that it was the first held since the new system for selecting, which was adopted this spring by the Art-Club, has been put in operation. Hitherto, the pictures were selected simply by the body of officers of the club itself; and there was much complaint on the part of artists as to the result. The plan now adopted is to have a committee of selection, comprising ten, one-half of whom are chosen freely by the artists who propose to offer their pictures for display at the exhibition, and the other five to consist of the president, vice-president, and three members of the club. Thus the aspiring artists have a voice in the choice of those who are to judge of the admissibility of their pictures. In the matter of hanging the pictures at the last exhibition, the plan was adopted of grouping those of similar characteristics and subjects together. One corner or side displayed all the dark and sombre canvases; another, those conspicuous for light and brilliant colouring or treatment; another, marine views; another, landscapes, and so on. Thus a general effect of harmony and congruity was produced. The picture to which general attention was naturally first directed was a large landscape of a wood-interior by W. M. Hunt, betraying the figure of a young lady, holding her summer-hat carelessly in her hand, and gazing thoughtfully into the forest depths. The tone of the picture is subdued and constrained, and the colouring in Hunt's best and most judicious style. The same artist contributed several other landscapes, the most notable being another wood-interior, with a man in the background standing by a horse. Duveneck, the best known of the young Munich school of American artists, displayed several of his rich and

ripe coloured paintings, one or two of which have already been seen in the exhibition of the Society of American Artists, in New York. An Art-Club exhibition without one or two of George L. Brown's glowing Turner-esque Italian scenes would leave the impression of something wanting. He had two Italian views, one 'Near Sunset Clearing, Coast of Sicily,' the other, that very hackneyed, but, in this instance, charmingly-treated subject, 'Moon rising on the Grand Canal, Venice.' Both were in Brown's most ambitiously dreamy and poetic vein. Henry Leland contributed four pictures of much merit, and various in subject and treatment. Other pictures, creditable to the artists, which space forbids us to describe more particularly, were sent by W. C. Picknell, a young and fast-rising artist now at work in Granada, Fuller, Albert Thompson, Colonel J. B. Johnson, Hilliard, Shirlaw, Dewing, Danant, Miss Bartol, Miss Cranch, Phoebe Jenks, F. E. Wright, Lansil, Miss Becket, Bannister, "Champ," Crawford, Brackett, Greggs, and Whitaker. The display of water-colours was unusually good, comprising a very attractive marine landscape by Sir Randall Roberts, some Italian scenes by George Z. Brown, a dainty bit of painting by Cass, and two excellent pictures by Langerfeldt. . . . At the same time with the Art-Club exhibition, another worthy of note, comprising choice illustrations of the Munich school which is becoming so popular, was being held in the Studio Building. The most attractive of these were a moonlight scene by Meixner; a picture entitled 'Venus and the Dying Adonis,' by the Munich Art-professor, Lindenschmit, the peculiar feature of which was the manner in which the light falling upon the immaculate flesh of the goddess was handled, so as to produce the softest and finest effect; poultry-groups by Montenozzo, and canvases of Scheutze, Van Hager, Van der Venne, Wagner, and Veltu. . . . Enneking displayed one hundred and twenty of his latest paintings at one of the galleries, the most important of these being 'A Drove of Cattle, on a November Morning.' Enneking is making very rapid progress in popular favour. . . . Among the most striking pictures recently exhibited in Boston, were a number of Breton scenes, by W. C. Picknell, a young artist of twenty-two, who

is fast winning reputation and position by his qualities of pluck, careful labour, and genuine talent. He studied under Inness at Rome, and under Wyley, Palouse, and De Faux, at Paris, and has already enjoyed the signal honour of seeing his pictures hanging in the Paris *Salon*, and in the Royal Academy at London. His pictures exhibited in Boston manifest a capacity for detail and finish, a fine perception of the combination of effective colour, and the taste and delicacy of handling which is one of the merits of the latest French school. . . . Joshua Montgomery has given \$10,000 to the Art Museum, to aid in the completion of the building. . . . An interesting private collection of rare works of decorative and useful art, including pictures, porcelains, carved furniture, and wall-adornments, was held in April. There were three paintings by Lambinet, Bresot, and Gegerfeldt; and the porcelains comprised many beautiful specimens, among them some old Sèvres; a spar vase, a Hezin plaque, and a Vieux Saxe tea-set, the latter purchased at Prince Demidoff's sale in Paris. A coffee-set was shown which is said to have belonged to Marie Antoinette.—G. M. T.

HERE AND THERE.—The Emperor William appropriated \$15,000, out of his private funds, for the purpose of aiding the representation of German artists at the Paris Exhibition. Only in the department of the Fine Arts has Germany put in an appearance there. . . . Sir Francis Grant, President of the Royal Academy of Great Britain, tells this story of a Scottish artist whose picture, 'The Shipwrecked Mariner,' he was admiring: He was struck with the manner in which the painter represented the wet skirt and under-garments of the mariner while the big waves of the sea were rolling over him. He could not help congratulating the draughtsman on the way in which the wet clothes were represented, when the latter said, "I will tell you how I managed it," and pointed to a large water-pot. "I just watered my model with that; and, when he got dry, I watered him again." The younger brother who stood for the model had two or three hours of that *douche*, but it did him no harm, for he was a hale man still living in Edinburgh. . . . "London," says the *Saturday Review*, "is certainly terribly behind other European cities in the matter of proper provision for its works of art. We have a National Gallery, which, as far as beauty and variety of painting go, may compare without disadvantage with almost any collection in the world. We have a fine collection of sculpture, which, with remarkable ingenuity, is stored away at more than a mile's distance from our collection of pictures, in a building in an entirely different quarter of the town, wherein is locked up a singularly interesting collection of drawings by the old masters, which it is impossible to see with any approach to comfort or convenience. And we have a collection of national portraits which is as peculiar as it is interesting in its nature, which, until now, has been exposed to great risk of destruction in what it is hardly too much to call Squalid Hollow. It is more curious than pleasant to compare these varied arrangements with those of the Louvre." . . . Venice is said to be, during a part of every year, the haven of rest for young American students in Munich and in Rome. . . . 'The Child Murderess' is the title of Prof. Gabriel Max's (of Munich) latest work. It represents a mother holding in her arms the babe whom she loves and has killed. Stopping over a stream in a desolate place, she kisses the dead little one whom she is about to consign to the water. . . . M. Cot, the French painter, has produced a full-length life-size portrait of Madame MacMahon, who (writes Mrs. Hooper) wears a Princess cut dress of black satin with a mantle of dark fur dropping from her shoulders, and with one end retained carelessly in her hand. She rests the other on a table covered with plain green brocade. This covering is edged with a broad fringe of pale-green silk and gold thread, and the manner in which the draperies and fringes are painted is beyond all praise. It is impossible to render better the cool gleams of the material or the lustre of the gold threads. . . . M. Gérôme has been nominated to be commander of the Legion of Honour; M. Ziem to be officer of the Legion; and MM. Ribot, Feyen-Perrin, Bin, Humbert, Blaise Desgoffe, Barrias, and Hirsch, to be knights. . . . A new chapter in the history of prehistoric Greek Art has been begun. The contents of the graves of Sparta, near Athens, Greece, have been dug out and placed side by side with the relics of Mycenæ in the new Museum at Athens. . . . M. Taine does not permit his historical studies to interfere with his annual lectures at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. This year he is finishing his course on Italian Art, his special subject being "The Venetian School of Painters." . . . George Clarkson Stanfield, an artist, son of the famous marine painter, Clarkson Stanfield, died recently in England. "But the shadow only," remarks a London critic, "of his father's mantle fell on the son's shoulders." . . . George Landseer, nephew of Sir Edwin Landseer, and son of Thomas Landseer the engraver, died in March last. He was a portrait-painter, but occasionally exhibited landscapes. . . . A statue of M. Thiers is to be erected by the French Government in one of the principal squares at Versailles. The statue will be of white marble, and is to be executed by the director of the School of Fine Arts. . . .

Mr. John P. Hazeltine, sculptor, now at Wilkesbarre, has just finished an historical group of figures representing a scene at the battle of Wyoming. The figures are in clay, twenty inches in height, and eleven in number.

ART IN WASHINGTON.—A great impulse has been given to Art during the past winter. Artists and Art-lecturers from other cities have aided this movement. Story, Meade, Brown and Simmons, Bierstadt, Moran, Bingham, Constant Mayer, Waller, and Andrews, have all been here. The Washington Art-Club has had its Loan and Annual Exhibitions, and under its auspices excellent lectures have been given by Birney and Corning. The central point of all this feeling for Art is the rapidly-growing Corcoran Gallery. Among the recent pictures on exhibition here are several by Porter, of Boston—almost unknown here before the arrival of his fine portrait of a famous beauty of that city and her pug-dog. There is always a crowd round that picture. Two very large pictures by an eminent French artist, Lami, painted many years ago, and representing 'The Battle of New Orleans' and 'The Storming of a Redoubt at Yorktown,' have just been added. They are sixteen feet long, and painted with great power. Though the Corcoran Gallery was planned and built in 1859, for exhibition purposes chiefly, the artistic wants of this generation have induced its founder to prepare for the erection of another building of the same size in its rear for education in Art. In addition to more galleries the Academy will have ample rooms for Art-study in all its branches—drawing, painting, modelling, wood-engraving, photography, &c.; so that the Governmental Departments here will be able to secure from this institution men competent to do the work for which at present they have to import artists and draughtsmen from Europe. The plans of this new building have been ready for years, but unfortunately the wishes of Mr. Corcoran have so far been delayed by the indisposition to sell of an owner of a lot lying between the rear of the Gallery and the three lots already secured for the purpose. It is to be hoped that this obstacle will soon be removed, and the venerable founder enabled to develop all his beneficent plans. In the mean time the trustees allow persons to copy from the pictures, casts, and bronzes, three days in the week, under certain restrictions.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to the London *Athenaeum* in glowing terms of the pictures Meissonier and Gérôme painted for the Paris International Exhibition: "M. Meissonier will exhibit a remarkable painting, which he completed in the course of last year, and the subject of which is 'The Review of the Cuirassiers by Napoleon I. on the Eve of the Battle of Leipzig.' Tradition says that one regiment displayed on this occasion a military ardour, a passionate enthusiasm, which went beyond all bounds, and that on the following day they fought with such desperate rage that not a man survived. The cuirassiers in M. Meissonier's picture dash up from the left in a mad gallop, trampling under foot the standing corn, and wildly hailing the emperor, who is seen, on a slight eminence a little to the right, surrounded by his staff. They are led by their colonel, who rides in advance, his bare sword clutched and waved above his head, and obey his signal by presenting arms; but the disciplined movement of parade is animated by an intense passion, which gives a peculiar and varying physiognomy to the action. The space to the right, across which the cuirassiers are about to pass, is held by a detachment in front of which are three mounted 'Guides.' These three figures are of extraordinary nobility and beauty. The immobility of their attitudes and the solemnity of their regard not only give an immense value to the furious oncoming of the cuirassiers, but profoundly impress the imagination. In their impassive and heroic calm they bring before us all that there is of poetry and tragedy in the scene, as these martyrs of glory sweep by and with sacred enthusiasm devote themselves to death under the eyes of him they serve. . . . M. Gérôme will exhibit a large painting, on which he is still at work. The subject is the reception at Versailles of the Prince de Condé by Louis XIV. Condé stands with his back towards us at the foot of the grand staircase, now no longer existing, but which has been carefully worked out by M. Gérôme from the original plans, which are still preserved. To right and left are pages and guards, bearing banners torn from the enemy. At the top of the staircase stands Louis XIV., and on the landing behind him the great personages of the court are ranged two rows deep. It is a curious thing to see an artist of M. Gérôme's great intelligence and standing selecting a subject which does not offer a single head. Condé turns his back as, bowing, he prepares to mount the steps; Louis XIV., at the top of the staircase, is merely the conventional 'Grand Monarque,' and, as for the court, they are mere puppets in the play, wearers of splendid costumes and dancing feathers. The point which is really noticeable in the picture is the skill with which the two chief actors are brought into relation with each other, isolated, yet put into line by the ascending flight of stairs. The episode, which in itself has scarcely the importance of a page of history,

presents great opportunities as a scene of magnificent ceremonial display, which M. Gérôme has effectively turned to account. Nothing has been omitted that would help to indicate the space of a vast palace, the state, the pomp, the splendour of a great court."

THE COTTIER SALE OF PICTURES.—Messrs. Cottier & Co. offered at public auction April 23rd and 24th in this city their collection of paintings by French and Dutch artists—a majority of which were sold at prices that averaged very low. The paintings were on exhibition at the Leavitt Gallery for a week or more previous to the sale, where they attracted many visitors and drew from the daily press extended criticisms. The pictures by the Dutch masters introduced several names unfamiliar to our public, and elicited a great deal of admiration from nearly all critics, although they sold at prices much beneath their value. A large painting by Corot, entitled 'Orpheus,' which is valued at \$10,000, was withdrawn on account of the low bids offered for it. Subjoined are the prices of some of the more important paintings: Corot's 'Summer Morning,' \$3,025 (which had been offered for \$3,000 at private sale, and hence was full price); Millet's 'Carding Wool,' \$1,750; Rousseau's 'Forest of Fontainebleau,' \$1,750; Roybet's 'Return from the Chase,' \$1,700; Mauve's 'Pastures in Holland,' \$1,500; Jacques Maris's 'Seaweed-Gatherers,' \$1,250; Corot's 'Landscape and Rocks,' \$1,200; Corot's 'Landscape with Figures and Cattle,' \$975; Troyon's 'Cow and Donkey,' \$975; Dupré's 'Marine,' \$900; Bosboom's 'Interior of the Groote Kerk,' \$750; Bouvin's 'Housewife,' \$750; Latouche's 'Normandy Coast Scene,' \$745; Diaz's 'Love's Whisper,' \$700; Landscape by Daubigny, \$550; Landscape by Hill, \$500; Michel's 'A Coming Storm,' \$500; Mettling's 'A Servant,' \$450; Mesdag's 'A Calm,' \$400; Dupré's 'French Coast,' \$400; Du Chattel's 'Dutch Canal,' \$410; Troyon's 'Angler,' \$350; Maris's 'Where Shadowy Trees their Twilight make,' \$305; Neuhey's 'A Corner of Amsterdam,' \$310; Böck's 'Path by the Stream,' \$230; Böks's 'Meadows,' \$200; Millet's 'Hagar and Ishmael,' \$300; Neuhey's 'Broken Pitcher,' \$230; Troyon's 'Landscape with Cattle,' \$290.

CHURCH'S 'ÆGEAN SEA.'—Mr. Church has now at the Goupil Gallery, in this city, a painting that, in reach of imagination and beauty of execution, rivals the most famous of his productions. The title of the picture is 'The Ægean Sea.' It is not a portrait of any definite part of the shore of that classic sea, but a dream rather of its many aspects, an expression and an epitome of its storied shores and its rare beauties, derived from a long study of their characteristics. The spectator sees at the left of the picture a mass of perpendicular cliffs, in which there is built a Grecian doorway to a vault, with pediment and Ionic columns. Before the cliff, and in the immediate foreground, is a group of superb olive-trees, which half conceal the rocky wall. Near them lie some fallen Corinthian columns, and towards the right, at a little distance, a mass of Doric ruins. At the right, in the middle distance, a promontory stretches into the sea, upon which stands a city with minarets and domes dimly seen through a misty atmosphere. A low, long, arched bridge connects this promontory with an island, upon a rocky elevation of which are ruins of Greek temples—here suggesting, but suggesting only, the famed Acropolis and Parthenon of Athens. This island lies in the middle distance; between it and the shores of the foreground is an expanse of water, graced with a lateen-sail, and beyond it stretches the sea into misty and undefined distance. To the left of the island the sea also stretches far away in dreamy beauty, with clouds and mists half obscuring it. To the right are some dark clouds, the remains of a thunder-storm, which are trailing off out of the picture, and against the clouds are painted two glorious rainbows. The effect of the painting, as a whole, is rich and imposing; it is full of ideal as well as real beauty, and awakens a host of pleasurable sensations. It may be questioned whether the rainbows are not a mistake, as they give the painting a somewhat scenic and theatrical effect, disturb its impression of idyllic beauty, and lower the artistic value of the performance. But, altogether, 'The Ægean Sea' is in Mr. Church's best vein; it exhibits the same power and imagination that made 'The Heart of the Andes' one of the most famous pictures of the period.

SALE OF THE AVERY PICTURES.—A large collection of oil-paintings, comprising the private collection of a gentleman of New York, several pictures from a Baltimore collection, and paintings collected by Mr. S. P. Avery, mostly by foreign artists, were sold at Chickering Hall on the evenings of April 9th and 10th. The total receipts of the sale were \$49,029, the subjoined being the principal prices: Delort's 'Carnival at Antwerp,' \$1,700; Vibert's 'Story of the Bull-Fight,' \$1,550; Schreyer's 'Wallachian Team,' \$1,450; Adan's 'Last Day of Fall,' \$1,180; Desgoffe's 'Objects of Art,' \$1,150; Von Bremen's 'The Brook,' \$1,125; Viry's 'The Falconer,' \$925; Delort's 'Arrival of Carnival,' \$900; Kensett's 'Windsor Castle,' \$900; Boughton's 'Norman Fisher-Girl,' \$960;

Martinelli's 'After-Dinner Sports,' \$780; Gros's 'An Episode of War,' \$750; Kensett's 'Lake George,' \$720; Glaize's 'Bird-Charmer,' \$700; Teu-Kate's 'Story of the Battle,' \$740; Church's 'Twilight in New England,' \$650; Clay's 'Boats near Antwerp,' \$625; Seignac's 'Playing at Housekeeping,' \$610; Toulmouche's 'Reading and Resting,' \$600; Müller's 'Mother's Care,' \$600; Ziem's 'Venice,' \$600; Baugniet's 'Miniature,' \$575; Clairin's 'Opium-Smokers,' \$575; Castre's 'The Dentist,' \$590; Schreyer's 'Turkish Cavern,' \$550; Palmaroli's 'Spanish Women,' \$545; Voltz's 'Landscape and Cattle,' \$510; Boldini's 'Avenue of Vases,' \$500; Jazet's 'Bivouac,' \$530; Frère's 'In the Studio,' \$500; Gros's 'Stirring Cup,' \$510; Bouguereau's 'String of Pearls,' \$530; Vollon's 'Still Life,' \$490; Comte's 'Héloïse,' \$475; Boughton's 'Cold without,' \$490; Merle's 'Marguerite,' \$470; Becker's 'Birthday Bouquet,' \$405; Campriani's 'Road to Naples,' \$470; Diaz's 'Edge of the Wood,' \$490; Duverger's 'News from the Army,' \$475; Escosuras's 'Making free,' \$450; Frère's 'Tasting the Broth,' \$410; Knaus's 'Head of Italian Boy,' \$425; Voltz's 'Girl with Sheep,' \$460; Becker's 'Venetian Lady,' \$440; Gifford's (S. R.) 'Riva Lago de Garda,' \$430; Müller's 'Florentine Lady,' \$440.

DETAILLE'S 'SHARING THE MEAL.'—Goupil & Co. have reproduced in colours, by a new process, one of Detaille's most striking water-colour drawings. The subject is 'Sharing the Meal,' and represents an hussar standing by the head of his horse, and sharing with it his meagre supply of food. It is marked by all of Detaille's brilliant colouring, his precision of touch, and accuracy of modelling. The reproduction is certainly remarkable for its brilliancy and beauty of effect. The publishers, describing the process, say the original "has been copied in all its original tints by a new process, photographic in its basis and origin, but including the play of tints; the colours, which repeat the original *aquarelle* in absolute fac-simile, are stamped upon the sheet at a single printing, and the last grace of the original picture is thus secured. This copying of the artist's colours by a process executed instantaneously with the original autotypic impression—a triumph which has so long been the dream and despair of photography—receives a very adequate approximation in the new method practised in this example."

MR. EUGENE BENSON, now residing in Rome, who, since he left this country for Europe several years ago, has given his attention almost wholly to painting instead of literature, has sent to the Paris Exhibition a picture entitled 'Hasheesh-Smokers.' It represents the interior, at Jerusalem, of a vast church built by the crusaders and now used by Turks, Syrians, and Egyptians, as a *café*. The painting depicts smokers of these different nationalities in various attitudes under the noble arches, in smoke-filled spaces of gloom, here and there lighted by sunshine. The purpose of the picture is to express variety of character, give the somnolent sentiment of the subject, and suggest the immobility and mystery of the East. It has been purchased, we are informed, by a gentleman of New York, at the price of \$1,500.

MR. W. M. R. FRENCH recently delivered before the Society of Decorative Art of Chicago a course of four lectures on "The Relation of Ideal Art to Decorative Art," which drew large and appreciative audiences, and were warmly commended by the press of that city. The lectures were divided as to subject into general design, composition, expression and light, shade and colour, and fully illustrated with prepared drawings and engravings, and off-hand, immediate sketches. Mr. French, who is a young man, and a resident of Chicago, has been invited to repeat his lectures elsewhere. He seems, judging from the very favourable criticisms in the Western journals, to be well qualified for his vocation.

PITTSBURG.—The Pittsburg Artists' Association, which now numbers fifty-three active members, is in a prosperous condition, and has taken permanent lease of Library Hall Art Gallery, Penn Avenue, where it will hold two public exhibitions each year. General meetings of the Association are held weekly, at which drawings are made and composition-sketches and paintings exhibited. Connected with the Association is a Life Class in successful operation, and also classes for drawing from costumed figures. The second spring exhibition, or fourth exhibition of the Association, is announced at this writing to open on the 23rd day of April, and close May 4th.

We have received from J. W. Bouton & Co., the American publishers, number four of Racinet's 'Le Costume Historique,' the earlier parts of which we noticed in previous numbers of the ART JOURNAL, at the time of their appearance. This publication is certainly of extreme beauty. The number before us has fourteen plates printed in colours and gold and silver, and ten printed in tint, representing costumed figures of India, Egypt, Japan, Rome, Greece, and Europe of the Middle Ages, and examples of armour, furniture, and ornaments. The coloured plates are remarkable for the brilliancy and purity of their tints.

THE ART JOURNAL ADVERTISER.

NEW YORK, JUNE, 1878.

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[No. 24]

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REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Premiums received and deferred.....	\$6,232,394 70		
Less deferred premiums January 1, 1877.....	432,695 40	\$5,799,699 30	
Interest received and accrued.....	2,168,015 85		
Less accrued January 1, 1877.....	300,558 68	1,867,457 17	7,667,156 47
			\$40,398,054 67

DISBURSEMENT ACCOUNT.

Losses by death, including additions.....	\$1,638,128 39		
Endowments matured and discounted.....	185,160 12		
Life annuities and reinsurances.....	194,318 86		
Dividends and returned premiums on cancelled policies.....	2,421,847 36		
Commissions, brokerages, agency expenses, and physicians' fees.....	531,526 03		
Taxes, office and law expenses, salaries, advertising, printing, etc.....	501,025 90		
Reduction of premiums on United States stocks.....	\$211,112 72		
Reduction on other stocks.....	12,030 00		
Contingent fund to cover any depreciation in value of real estate.....	250,000 00	473,142 72	5,945,149 38
			\$34,452,905 29

ASSETS.

Cash in bank, on hand, and in transit; since received.....	\$1,216,301 61		
Invested in United States, New York City, and other stocks (market value \$13,379,930 33).....	12,875,584 69		
Real estate.....	3,350,268 07		
Bonds and mortgages, first lien on real estate (buildings thereon insured for \$13,580,000, and the policies assigned to the Company as additional collateral security).....	15,379,202 23		
* Loans on existing policies (the reserve held by the Company on these policies amounts to \$3,445,195).....	695,234 74		
* Quarterly and semi-annual premiums on existing policies, due subsequent to January 1, 1878.....	396,289 26		
* Premiums on existing policies in course of transmission and collection (estimated reserve on these policies, \$674,000; included in liabilities).....	167,183 37		
Agents' balances.....	56,945 97		
Accrued interest on investments to January 1, 1878.....	315,895 35		
			\$34,452,905 29

* A detailed schedule of these items will accompany the usual annual report filed with the Insurance Department of the State of New York.

Excess of market value of securities over cost.....504,345 64

CASH ASSETS, January 1, 1878.....\$34,957,250 93

Appropriated as follows:

Adjusted losses, due subsequent to January 1, 1878.....	\$348,069 48		
Reported losses, awaiting proof, etc.....	112,897 84		
Reserved for reinsurance on existing policies; participating insurance at 4 per cent., Carlisle, net premium; non-participating at 5 per cent., Carlisle, net premium.....	31,022,405 99		
Reserved for contingent liabilities to Tontine Dividend Fund, over and above a 4 per cent. reserve on existing policies of that class.....	792,302 22		
Reserved for premiums paid in advance.....	17,430 91	32,293,106 44	

Divisible surplus at 4 per cent.....\$2,664,144 49

Surplus, estimated by the New York State standard at 4½ per cent. over.....6,000,000 00

From the undivided surplus of \$2,664,144 49 the Board of Trustees has declared a reversionary dividend, available on settlement of next annual premium to participating policies proportionate to their contribution to surplus.

During the year 6,597 policies have been issued, insuring \$20,156,639.

Number of policies in force January 1, 1876.....	44,661	Amount at risk January 1, 1876.....	\$126,132,113
Number of policies in force January 1, 1877.....	45,421	Amount at risk January 1, 1877.....	127,748,473
Number of policies in force January 1, 1878.....	45,605	Amount at risk January 1, 1878.....	127,901,887

Divisible surplus at 4 per cent. January 1, 1876.....\$2,499,656

Divisible surplus at 4 per cent. January 1, 1877.....2,626,816

Divisible surplus at 4 per cent. January 1, 1878.....2,664,144

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